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THE ROYAL PROCLAMATION.

THE terms of the Royal Proclamation took the world by surprise. Although the Act enabled the QUEEN to make any addition to her titles that she pleased, and she might under its provisions have assumed the title of Empress of India without any reservation, yet it had been stated that the advice of her Ministers, under which the QUEEN would act, was that this title should be purely local, and should be confined to India. On some occasions, such as when treaties are made with foreign Powers, and generally in diplomatic intercourse, it would be necessary that the full title should be used; but for every ordinary purpose of government outside India the QUEEN's titles would remain precisely as before. In order to make this undertaking absolutely binding, it was proposed by the leaders of the Opposition that the Act should itself contain the necessary limitations. But the Ministry wished to avoid the long delay and severe verbal criticism to which this alteration of the measure would have given rise, and asserted that it was wholly unnecessary to insert any limitations in the Bill, because they would be inserted in the Proclamation by which the Bill, when it became law, would be made operative. The Proclamation was therefore to be the instrument by which the title of Empress was to be localized in India. How this was to be done was a matter of reasonable curiosity, but the CHANCELLOR was clear on the point that it could and would be done. When the terms of the Proclamation became known it seemed as if the Government must have forgotten all about the limitations it had promised. There was no reference to India, no shadow of an intimation that the title was an Indian title, the use of which was to be restricted to India. The full title, Empress and all, is to be used on all occasions when it can be conveniently used, and the only exception is as regards instruments the operation of which is confined to the United Kingdom. This seems to be exactly the reverse operation from that which the Ministry had undertaken to perform. What they had promised to do was to restrict the use of the title to India. What they have done is to make the use of the title general, and to take out of its range one specified class of documents. The new title is, it seems, meant to prevail to the utmost limits where this one special exception does not operate. So far as the Act and the Proclamation affect the Colonies, they are exactly in the same position as India, and the QUEEN is Empress there as much as in Bengal. In all instruments "extending in their operation beyond the United Kingdom," the title of Empress is to be used. This language is open to many interpretations. What are the instruments which do or do not extend in their operation beyond the United Kingdom? Nice and difficult points are sure to arise under this head. Already the opinion of a VICE-CHANCELLOR has been taken as to whether a writ of the Court of Chancery intended to be served in Germany should be passed with the old or the new title. The VICE-CHANCELLOR prudently said that this was too high a matter for him, and the parties must ask the LORD CHANCELLOR, who alone was qualified to interpret his own Proclamation. It is a document that will need, and no doubt will receive, a large amount of interpretation. But for the moment the important point is one of a larger and rougher sort, and is whether the Government has fulfilled in the Proclamation the engagements it entered into while the Bill was under discussion.

As the pledges of the Government were chiefly given in the House of Commons, and by no one in a more definite

shape than by Mr. DISRAELI himself, the issue will be raised more distinctly in the Lower House than it could be in the Lords. As the Opposition, with a very fair show of reason, contend that the pledges of the Government have not been redeemed, it has been impossible to frame a motion expressing this opinion without conveying a censure on the Government; and Mr. DISRAELI at once, on hearing the notice of the motion which Sir HENRY JAMES proposes to make, fixed a day next week for its discussion. The vote which will follow the motion is altogether immaterial. The majority of the Ministry is assured. The Conservatives are not going to let their chiefs be turned out of office, whatever may have been the terms of a Proclamation. But the victory will lie really with the side that shows a superiority in argument, and the case against the Ministry is undoubtedly a strong one. It must be owned that it ought to be a strong one to justify the re-opening of a subject at once painful and wearisome. But the importance of holding a Ministry to its engagements is so paramount that the Opposition, having a strong case, cannot fairly be blamed for wishing to state it once for all effectively and fully. It is not probable, however, that the opponents of the Ministry will have much to add to the statement of Lord SELBORNE, or that the defenders of the Ministry will have much to add to the counter-statement of the CHANCELLOR. No pledge given by any of his colleagues could be more full, precise, and intelligible than that given by Mr. DISRAELI himself. "The assumption of 'the title of Empress,' the PREMIER said, 'is to be limited 'to India and to be a local title.' In some formal documents in which it was necessary that the full title of the Sovereign should be set out, the words Empress of India would, the Ministry owned, have to be used; but the ordinary and general use of the title was to be confined to India. The simple question is, has it been so confined by the terms of the Proclamation? Lord SELBORNE, wishing to be very precise, stated that he held that the Government had, as he understood the matter, entered into two engagements—the negative engagement that the title of Empress should not, when it could possibly be avoided, be used in the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, and the positive engagement that it should be, as far as possible, limited in its use to and localized in India. The first or negative engagement has, as Lord SELBORNE contends, been broken by not providing against the use of the title in the United Kingdom, except in a limited class of documents. The second or positive engagement has, in Lord SELBORNE's opinion, been altogether ignored. There is nothing in the Proclamation to localize the title at all. It is in general operation throughout India, the Colonies—so far as the Colonies are bound by an English Act and a Proclamation made under its provisions—and in the United Kingdom itself outside of the range of the excepted documents.

The CHANCELLOR failed to shake the case of his opponent, but he inspired a belief that the Ministry had wished to fulfil its pledges, and had only failed to do so because it could not find any way of carrying them out. It had offered to do more than it could do. It could not make up its mind as to what were the documents operating beyond India in which the full title was to be used. The other alternative seemed to offer a readier means of getting out of the difficulty. Instead of saying where the title was to be used, it was simpler to say where it was not to be used. If a document operates only in the United Kingdom, then the ancient title alone is to be used; and in all other cases the new title is to be used. It is true that there is extreme difficulty in deciding what are the instruments which ope-

rate only in the United Kingdom; but then the burden of solving the problem will now rest, not on the Government, but on individuals. As the VICE-CHANCELLOR said, with reference to the writ to be served in Germany, the parties, unless they choose to act under the directions of the CHANCELLOR, must take their chance of having the proceedings set aside. This is a curious effect of a title which was said to be meant to be localized in India. The failure to localize the title is still more evident when the case of the colonies and dependencies of the Crown is taken into consideration. Colonies with a local Legislature are not bound by an English Act in which they are not named, but many of the dependencies of the Crown are exactly in the position of India. Whatever can be said of India can be said of Malta, and the QUEEN is just as much Empress of India at Valetta as she is at Calcutta. How can it be said that this is localizing the title in India? Even the Channel Islands are beyond the restrictions of the Proclamation, and a Royal Warrant to operate in Jersey must run in the new form. The Proclamation, it must also be repeated, makes the new title general unless where the restrictions operate. The Corporation of Dublin wish to present an address to the QUEEN, and have consulted Sir BERNARD BURKE, as Ulster King-at-Arms, as to the proper form. Sir BERNARD BURKE has replied that, according to the terms of the Proclamation, the title of Empress of India ought to be inserted. The ATTORNEY-GENERAL, when questioned on Thursday in the House of Commons, stated, on the other hand, that there is nothing, in his opinion, in the Proclamation which can warrant the use of the new title in an address presented to the QUEEN by her subjects in this country. But the opinion of the ATTORNEY-GENERAL seems to differ from that of the CHANCELLOR, who said that Corporations were at perfect liberty under the Proclamation to use the new title or not as they might think proper. This is an excellent instance of the mischief which, if their words were to be taken in any literal or intelligible sense, the Ministry engaged to avert by the terms of the Proclamation. If it is open to Corporations to call the QUEEN Empress, the Corporations that call her Empress will be thought the more loyal, and those that still call the QUEEN by her old title will be thought the less loyal, bodies. If the Ministry were to advise the QUEEN to refuse to receive any address from residents in the United Kingdom in which she was styled Empress, a very salutary effect would be produced. But this would be to put an interpretation on the Proclamation which its terms do not suggest. As it stands, it does not localize the title and confine it to India, whereas the Ministry promised that it should do so. That their failure to carry out their undertaking proceeds from the difficulties of the task they rashly imposed on themselves, and not from any want of good faith or desire to introduce Imperialism by a side wind, may be freely admitted, but it is still unfortunately true that they have not succeeded in doing what they undertook to do.

MR. LOWE.

AFTER Mr. LOWE's ample apology it would be ungenerous to reproach him with his mistake, except as far as it illustrates his intellectual character. He seems destined to serve as an example of the comparative inutility of great powers when they are accompanied by want of tact and by deficient knowledge of human nature. On several occasions during the present Session he has wantonly damaged himself and his party by the use of arguments which, even if they tended to support his conclusion, were offensive to the House and the country. Of all the numerous and convincing objections to the Royal Titles Bill, the most obnoxious, not excepting Mr. GLADSTONE's protest on behalf of the native princes, was the suggestion that at some future time England might be compelled to abandon her Indian Empire. The consideration might legitimately affect the judgment of a statesman, but it was unfit to be expressed in words. Disaffected natives will probably hereafter quote the admission of an eminent member of the House of Commons that the foreign dominion in India is precarious and transitory. When Mr. LOWE afterwards learned with surprise the irritation which had been provoked by his indiscreet phrase, he seems to have been unable to understand the cause and nature of the offence which he had given. He afterwards expressed regret for having

said what appeared to be disagreeable to the House, but he added a repetition of the opinion which had been justly censured. About the same time his first speech on the Suez Canal purchase did the Government important service. The Ministerial measure was at that time popular because it was regarded as an instance of bold and active policy; and Mr. LOWE did his own cause injustice by an irrelevant contention that the Government had not made a profitable investment. As if to illustrate in the most effective manner his misconception of the issue, Mr. LOWE took the opportunity of boasting that his own arrangements for paying the *Alabama* damages had been more economical than the provision for paying the Canal purchase-money. It had evidently not occurred to him that the *Alabama* payment was the most mortifying transaction of modern times; and that, when he spoke, the Egyptian bargain was approved as a gratifying result of patriotic spirit. Submission to America in the past, and possible Indian disaster in the future, were topics not acceptable to the House of Commons.

The severe rebuke which Mr. LOWE received on Tuesday last was, as he admits, the result of a graver blunder. At the East Retford Liberal dinner he had evidently determined to inflict a heavy blow on an adversary who has perhaps earned his hostility. On former occasions impartial spectators have watched with amused sympathy, if not with unqualified respect, Mr. LOWE's attempts to damage Mr. DISRAELI. It would be unjust to attribute his persistent attacks to merely personal animosity. Mr. LOWE evidently feels an intellectual antipathy or antagonism to a mental constitution which seems to him incomplete and objectionable. He has often called attention to Mr. DISRAELI's habitual inaccuracy in details, as if the brilliant victim of his criticism had not survived the exposure of a thousand loose and questionable statements. COLERIDGE propounded the aphorism that, till you understand a man's ignorance, you ought to presume yourself ignorant of his understanding. Mr. LOWE has never understood that Mr. DISRAELI's ignorance of statistics, of law, and of many branches of public business, has somehow been found compatible with almost unprecedented success. A thousand errors have fallen to his share, but the House of Commons and the country have looked at his career and have forgotten them all. It is true that of late Mr. DISRAELI has made some mistakes which might rather have been expected from Mr. LOWE, as in the wonderful speech which began with a schoolgirl and ended with a defiance of the Emperor of Russia. Mr. LOWE knows books and figures and other important matters incomparably better than Mr. DISRAELI; but Mr. DISRAELI understands the temper of the House of Commons; and in personal encounters of wit with Mr. LOWE he has almost always come off the conqueror. At the last general election Mr. LOWE's ingenious vituperation and bitter ridicule were stifled in the burst of amusement which welcomed Mr. DISRAELI's account of his reasons for erecting the University of London into a constituency. The pink fly of Abyssinia is inseparably associated with Mr. LOWE, though there is reason to believe that it was really invented by Mr. DISRAELI.

The serious charge which Mr. LOWE preferred at Retford ought not to have been lightly made, even if it had not involved a higher personage than Mr. DISRAELI. The responsibility of introducing the Royal Titles Bill would have been greatly aggravated if it had been true that two Prime Ministers had, at the risk of incurring disfavour at Court, withstood solicitations to propose a similar measure. Mr. LOWE accused Mr. DISRAELI of being a courtier, if not a sycophant; and there can be no doubt that his statement produced the intended effect of subjecting the Minister to general disapproval. Mr. LOWE indeed declared that he was violating no confidence, because he had received none; but his position and former official rank justified the impression that he spoke on evidence which could not be impugned. In the pleasure of inflicting an injury on a political opponent Mr. LOWE seems to have forgotten for the moment that Mr. DISRAELI and his predecessors were not the only actors in the story. If Lord DERBY, or Lord PALMERSTON, or Mr. GLADSTONE, had declined an indiscreet request, it followed that an indiscreet request had been made by one whose name and station ought to have made her sacred from attack. His language also involved the statement that the demand which had been condemned by two Ministers as injudicious had been a third time advanced with greater success when a more pliable states-

man was in office. Of the most objectionable part of the transaction Mr. LOWE was probably altogether unconscious. It was his object to do the utmost possible harm to an opponent, and the collateral results of his attack were never contemplated. It is not known whether he was even awakened to the nature of his declaration when Mr. GLADSTONE, who had been naturally supposed to be one of the personages of the story, publicly repudiated any share in the reported transaction. After the appearance of Mr. GLADSTONE'S letter, it was supposed that Lord PALMERSTON and Lord DERBY had refused their consent to the assumption of an Imperial title; and at first it seemed difficult or impossible to prove a negative.

Mr. LOWE'S answer to Mr. LEWIS would have been justifiable if the indiscretion committed at Retford had been less serious. When he refused to explain language which had not been used in the House of Commons, he implied that he still believed in the truth of the charge which he might have taken the opportunity of retracting. He was probably not prepared for Mr. DISRAELI'S crushing confutation. By his own fault Mr. LOWE was delivered into the hands of an adversary from whom he had not deserved mercy. Mr. DISRAELI made good use of the advantageous position of incidentally refuting the accusation against himself while he was discharging the duty of defending the QUEEN. In the peculiar circumstances the SPEAKER and the House could not refuse, under pretext of a Parliamentary rule, to listen to an authorized contradiction of a slanderous rumour. Mr. LOWE had not only committed the error of including the QUEEN in his charge against the PRIME MINISTER. He is exclusively responsible for compelling the QUEEN to defend herself against the imputation which had been repeated by a former Cabinet Minister. It is now certain that no Minister before Mr. DISRAELI has either refused to propose an addition to the Royal Titles, or received from HER MAJESTY any overture of the kind. The answer is complete; but the QUEEN ought not to have had occasion to answer. It is true that a Royal suggestion to a Minister is, whatever may be its nature, perfectly compatible with constitutional propriety; but a perfectly regular proceeding may be injudicious; and the renewal of a proposal already declined by two Prime Ministers might have been thought to indicate unbecoming obstinacy. It is at least certain that Mr. LOWE unintentionally blamed the supposed overture when he condemned Mr. DISRAELI for adopting it. Mr. LOWE'S mistake proceeded from no more blameable cause than a natural bluntness of perception. If the gossip which he reproduced had happened to be true, his accusation of Ministerial servility might have been sustained; but his violation of the respect due to the Crown would have been equally inexcusable. Mr. REED'S well-meant attempt to cover Mr. LOWE'S retreat must have reminded him painfully that his former colleagues could not devise an apology to extenuate his error. It was only by strange mismanagement that the numerous episodes of controversy on the Royal Titles Bill could have ended with an undisputed triumph achieved by Mr. DISRAELI.

GERMANY AND ITALY.

ALL modern societies in Europe, unless they are on a very small scale, have the same difficulties to encounter. The same questions in different forms agitate one country after another. There are the questions of the province of the State with regard to society and industry, of the relations of Church and State, and of disaffected minorities. In some States Socialism causes greater embarrassment than in others, but in all it causes some; and although each State may have its own special points of foreign policy, questions arise like that of the Turkish insurrection which affect all at once. In Germany and Italy more particularly the same questions are constantly arising. One of the causes of dispute which proved fatal to the MINGHETTI Ministry was the proposed purchase of the Lombard, Roman, and Southern Railways. The new Ministry is evidently much puzzled what to do with the Railway Bill bequeathed to it by its predecessors, and to gain time it has induced the Chamber to take one system at a time and to begin with the Lombard. It is probable that Signor DEPRETIS would like to have nothing to do with the purchase of any railway; but he finds it difficult to escape from the treaty with Austria for the Lombard purchase, and as in Italy the Companies wish to sell, there is natur-

ally a strong pressure put on the Government by those who wish to see the bargain concluded. In Germany it is just the other way. There it is Prince BISMARCK who wishes to buy, and the owners of the railways who do not wish to sell. That which is the objection to the purchase in Italy, the increased power of centralized machinery and of officialism generally, is the attraction to Prince BISMARCK. The absorption of all German railways into one vast system, belonging to the Empire and under its exclusive control, is said to be the object at which he aims. No sufficient commercial motives can be urged to justify the scheme. The merits it possesses are almost exclusively political, as is the opposition to it. It is really a scheme for placing all the lines of communication throughout Germany under the direction of Berlin. Very naturally the small States object to this. While their railways belong to them they have still something of their own which they can see. Their separate armies are, they know, under the direction of Berlin, and their little Legislatures fall in with the humours of Berlin, or are made to feel the consequences of disobedience. But they are proud of their railways as local triumphs, and are pleased to think that the porters and guards are still indisputably their own. It is a small sign of independence, but it is one felt and realized in daily life. So strong has been the opposition that Prince BISMARCK has cut down his actual proposal to very modest figures. His proposal does not proceed from the Imperial Government at all. It only concerns Prussia, and all that Prussia has done at his bidding is to signify to the Federal Council that, if the Empire likes to buy the Prussian State Railways and the authority of the Prussian Government over the private railways in Prussia, a fair price would be accepted. By this no one is committed to anything. But the upholders of such independence as still remains to the small States are probably quite right in feeling uneasy. They say to themselves that Prince BISMARCK, when he has invented a big policy, is very apt to persist in it, although it has always been his way to draw back for a time when he thinks it prudent to do so. It is not to be supposed that he has taken up his railway scheme without having a distinct and serious aim, to attain which would compensate him for the great trouble which must precede success. Nor is it difficult to see what this aim is. The unity of Germany owed its existence in a great measure to the enthusiasm excited by the French war, and enthusiasm is apt to die away. It is natural that Prince BISMARCK should wish to consolidate his great work, and to bind up the idea of the Empire with all the sentiments and the habits of the people. One way to effect this would have been to lead Germany through new military triumphs; but the circumstances of the times are not propitious to a policy so hazardous, and the readiest method of attaining the desired end may easily appear to be to increase in a large degree the machinery of Imperial administration.

Germany and Italy are both apparently going through a period of comparative repose in ecclesiastical matters; and advantage has been taken of the lull for a conference to be held at Rome between some special representatives of the Papacy and what are vaguely termed representatives of some of the Great Powers. It is highly improbable that Germany or Italy took any part in the proceedings, but those who did take a part in them must have had Germany and Italy in their eye. As might have been expected, the Cardinals were not authorized to make any concessions. They said that Concordats were the only instruments of peace, and there can be no doubt that from their point of view they are right. A Concordat is a piece of bargaining in which the Vatican always gets the advantage; and necessarily so, for a Concordat is merely a statement of the terms on which, in a particular case, Rome will consent not to put the doctrines of the Syllabus in force. If the State has got down to the point at which it merely asks that the Syllabus may be slightly watered for its benefit, civil independence is gone; and this is a position which neither Germany nor Italy can possibly accept. But if the Italian Ministry has not got ecclesiastical troubles to vex it, the crop of difficulties that surround it grows rapidly enough to engage its attention. It finds itself obliged to tread with unpretending humility in the paths of its predecessors. Not only has it to retain the Grist-tax, the obnoxiousness of which was the main engine which it used to subvert its opponents, but it has to use force in a very peremptory manner to put down those who

object to it. The Grist-tax is to the Italian Left very much what Irish Coercion Acts used to be to English Whigs—a monstrosity to be fervently attacked when in opposition, and a necessity to be urgently demanded when in office. Signor NICOTERA, whose appointment to the Ministry of the Interior was represented as highly dangerous on the ground that he was a Garibaldian democrat, has been almost exclusively occupied since he gained the prize of office in suppressing popular tumults and manifestations. One of the very best parts of Parliamentary government is that it gives a Liberal Opposition the opportunity of occasionally learning the instructive lesson that government is a business, and has to be carried on in a very different way from what they led the world to suppose would suffice, while they had nothing to do but to go on rolling out irresponsible talk.

A Conference is to be held at Berlin between the representatives of the three Empires for the discussion or settlement of the Turkish insurrection; and it is highly proper that Germany, which invented the league, should come forward as the arbitrator or peacemaker between the conflicting aims and views of her allies. The importance of the questions raised by the insurrection, and of the issues which may grow out of it, has been duly appreciated by the Italian Government, which has transferred Signor NIGRA, the most eminent of its diplomatists, from Paris to St. Petersburg. A French Correspondent of the *Times* has written a very curious letter in which he bewails the hard lot of Signor NIGRA. He proves by the most elaborate arguments that Signor NIGRA deserves to stay in Paris, and that to take away from Paris a man who has well earned the supreme felicity of staying there is an instance of the most wanton tyranny or the blackest ingratitude on the part of the Italian Government. He recounts all the great services of Signor NIGRA—how he managed to get Venice by a Prussian alliance without offending France; how he was the devoted friend of the EMPEROR, and perfectly charming in his deferential regard for the EMPRESS; how, after the war, he won the heart of M. THIERS; and how, after the fall of M. THIERS, he gained the confidence of Duke DECAZES. It is quite terrible that such a man, having been fifteen years at Paris, should now be sent somewhere else. The explanation of the change would be almost beyond the comprehension of a patriotic and enthusiastic Frenchman. While Italy was being made a European Power, Paris was for Italians the centre of hopes, fears, interests, and ambition. Now that Italy has been made a European Power, it has to look where is the real centre of the foreign policy with which for the time Europe is busying itself. Delightful as Paris is, and eminent as are the services by which Signor NIGRA has earned his right to stay there, it is unfortunately the fact that Russia has very much and France very little to do with the solution of the question which is now agitating Europe. Italy wants its ablest diplomatist where he can be most useful, and Signor NIGRA can serve his country in exile by the Neva much better than in his happy home by the Seine. His transfer marks the great change which a few years have wrought in the political situation of Europe.

THE IRISH PEERAGE.

THE House of Lords ought to receive with favour Lord INCHQUIN's Bill for diminishing the anomalies which are inseparable from the existence of Irish peerages. It is not for the interest of hereditary legislators that their social and political privileges should be shown in living instances to be practically separable. The Irish peerage has, like many eccentric institutions, an historical origin and explanation; but it serves no practical purpose. Before the Union it had for ages been thought necessary to reproduce in Ireland the English Constitution, if not substantially, at least in form. It followed that there was a House of Lords of different ranks, possessing every attribute of its prototype except political power. The Crown, which generally objected to a profuse creation of English peers, was less scrupulous in Ireland. The heads of the families which managed the Government business were ennobled one after the other; and in later times the roll of the peerage was filled up with Englishmen who were thought not sufficiently important in property or interest to be admitted to the English House of Lords. GEORGE III. more than once complained of the profuse employment by his successive Ministers of Irish peerages as rewards to their adherents; but Lord NORTH persisted in the practice, and PITT was still more

liberal of honours which cost him nothing. At one time he adopted the odd practice of making an Irish peerage a step towards a peerage of Great Britain, which might be earned by other services. When the Act of Union was passed there were more than two hundred Irish peers, including many who would never have thought of taking their seats in the House of Lords. To obviate opposition, and in accordance with the Scotch precedent of a century before, the lay Irish peers were allowed to elect representatives, and the bishops took their seats in the House by rotation. Parliament perhaps foresaw and regarded with complacency the certainty that the representative peers would belong exclusively to the majority, and the probability that they would not be insensible to the influence of the Tory Government of the day. In practice the independent choice of the constituency has been a transparent fiction. The Duke of WELLINGTON, and after him the late Lord DERBY, had for many years the patronage of the representative peerage.

Lord STANHOPE, who, though he was not an orator nor a statesman, possessed a happy knack of discerning the absurdity of obsolete practices, had the merit of carrying an Address to the QUEEN requesting her to suspend the creation of Irish peerages. It was unlucky that in this respect the precedent of the Scotch Union had not been followed. But for the frequent limitation of the succession to Scotch peerages to heirs general, the order, which has not been recruited for a hundred and seventy years, would by this time have been extinct or have been merged in the peerage of Great Britain. Either the Irish peers feared that as their numbers declined they might not be thought a sufficiently numerous constituency, or the Minister was not willing to relinquish the distribution of one of the minor streams which flowed from the fountain of honour. It was accordingly provided that the Crown might create one Irish peer for every three peerages which became extinct; and until recent times the power was commonly exercised. Some difficulties were raised as to alleged interference with the rights of the Crown, but eventually Lord STANHOPE's judicious proposal was adopted. Lord INCHQUIN meets with no opposition when he proposes to render the new system permanent; and the House of Lords unanimously affirms the proposition that "it is expedient that peerages should no longer be created which do not confer the right to sit and vote in the House of Lords." The preamble might have been better expressed, and it has the fault of being argumentative; but on the substance of the proposal there is no difference of opinion. Lord INCHQUIN's second clause has no necessary connexion with his first. The reason for increasing the number of representative peers from twenty-eight to thirty-two is fanciful and unsound. The bishops who represented the spiritual estate naturally lost their seats when the State no longer recognized a Church in Ireland. It was not intended to transfer any advantage which the clergy formerly possessed to the lay peerage.

The discussion in the House of Lords turned less on the provisions of the Bill than on an amendment of Lord O'HAGAN's which was intended to give the minority a share of representation. It was proposed that no future election should take place until there were three vacancies, unless indeed Lord INCHQUIN's provision for the immediate increase of the representation were adopted. Each peer was only to vote for two candidates, or, according to an alternative scheme of Lord GREY's, which was adopted by Lord O'HAGAN, all three votes might be concentrated on a single nominee. The Lord CHANCELLOR made the odd objection that the device would be ineffectual, inasmuch as the Liberal minority was not strong enough, even with cumulative voting, to return a single candidate. The modern theory of representation of minorities is not yet generally accepted, but the experiment could not be tried with less risk of harm than in the case of the Irish representative peerage. There is at present only one Liberal member of the body; and if he were to vacate his post, his successor would be chosen by the majority. It is desirable to cultivate and keep alive the decaying stock of aristocratic Liberals. No class of the community has deserved better of the country; but the younger generation includes many deserters from the creed or party of their forefathers. Innovations in modern times are not of the kind which can be palatable to a rich and privileged class. There were probably not half a dozen members of the House of Lords who really approved of the Irish Land Bill with the precedent which it might possibly establish.

The acquiescence of the peers in the obnoxious measure was an act of patriotic prudence; but the effect has been to render Liberal landowners suspicious of some of their allies. If a few Whig peers can be found in Ireland and sent to the House of Lords, they will reinforce a valuable body which threatens to become extinct. Time would show whether Lord CAIRNS was justified in believing that no possible contrivance would enable the minority to elect a representative.

The law which prevents an Irish peer from sitting in the House of Commons for a county or borough in his own country was strictly consistent with principle and precedent, but it is in practice either useless or mischievous. The Scotch peers are subjected to a more painful disability, inasmuch as since the Union they are absolutely prohibited from sitting in the House of Commons. If Tiverton had been less loyal to Lord PALMERSTON, it might have been an inconvenience that he could not sit as member for Sligo. Unfortunately in modern times the class to which Irish peers belong is not in the greater part of Ireland acceptable to those who control elections. It was, as Lord INCHQUIN acknowledged, properly suggested that the proposal ought to be introduced in the House of Commons, which is supposed to be the judge of its own constitution. It will be difficult or impossible for a private member to carry the Bill through the House in the present Session. Some members will not desire to remove any anomaly which may be supposed to diminish the credit of the House of Lords; nor will it be possible to prevent Irish patriots from profiting by the opportunity for declamation. Lord INCHQUIN has unluckily drawn his first clause in an awkward form, by proposing to repeal the Acts for the Union of Great Britain and Ireland as far as they relate to the creation of Irish peers. Some ingenious Home Rule member may perhaps move by way of amendment to omit the words which specify the purpose of the Bill. A proposal to repeal the Act of Union sounds strange; and probably it will hereafter be quoted as a precedent. Mr. BURT has never abandoned his ostensible project of restoring to Ireland a Parliament consisting both of Lords and Commons. It is true that no Irish peer is prepared to take a seat in the revived House of Lords; but the restraint of the power of the Crown to create Irish peers may easily be converted into an insult to Ireland. If the Government would take charge of the Bill, the only important clause which prevents the creation of Irish peers might probably pass into a law. If the House of Commons cares little for the anomalies of the Irish peerage, it can scarcely insist on maintaining an abuse which has been denounced by the Assembly to which the subject-matter belongs. The Irish members can, if they think fit, oppose the insidious suggestion that Irish peers should be capable of representing Irish constituencies in the House of Commons.

FRANCE.

THE French prefects who have been dismissed by the MINISTER of the INTERIOR are behaving themselves after a fashion which is not uncommon with domestic servants after receiving notice to go at the end of the month. They are exceedingly anxious to convince M. RICARD that they would not have stayed in his service however much he might have wished it. The place did not suit them any better than they suited the place. If they had not been sent away because they were not sound Republicans, they would have taken themselves away because M. RICARD is not a sound Conservative. Occasionally they hint that the day will come when their unfortunate country will again have need of their devotion, and they magnanimously pledge their word that no recollection of the injuries they have sustained shall be suffered to stand in the way of their return. Whenever the Government of France is once more conducted on right principles, these noble souls will again sacrifice themselves on the altar of public duty. Till then they will amuse themselves with watching the useless struggles of the Republic against the anarchy which must follow their departure. The Republican journals—at least those of them that were foremost in urging the Government to dismiss any official who was so unfortunate as to be appointed by M. BUFFET or the Duke of BROGLIE—draw, as it seems to us, a wrong moral from these impertinent letters. They treat them as so much evidence of M. RICARD's weakness in not sending his whole staff about their business the moment that he came into

office. Now you see, they say, the class of men you had to deal with. You thought that you might temporize with them, that you might be content with moving some to new departments, and only dismissing those of whose enmity to the Republic you had positive proof. The result of this weakness is that you and the Government in your person have been grossly insulted. You have had your dismissals thrown in your face. If these officials had been sent away as soon as you accepted a seat in the Cabinet, they would never have dared to write these impudent letters. That they have written them now is the natural result of the reputation for timidity which you have wilfully made for yourself. This denunciation of the Minister is founded on a wrong estimate of the motives which lead dismissed officials to say rude things to their late chief. A prefect who has been deprived of his place and his salary on political grounds has nothing to lose by invidiousness to the Government. His income is already gone; his reputation, so far as it depends on Ministerial approval, is already gone; and all that remains to him is such reputation as he may make with the enemies of the Administration. These ex-prefects who tell M. RICARD that they would not have served under him, even if he had been willing to retain them, will earn some cheap credit with the adversaries of the Government; whereas, if they had remained silent, even this small consolation would have been denied to them. But it must be noted that, though M. RICARD was not at all in a hurry to dismiss his subordinates, none of them were beforehand with him in sending in their resignations. Yet, if their antagonism towards the Republic had been as pronounced as it is now their interest to make it out, they would hardly have allowed M. RICARD to get the start of them. M. BUFFET's resignation would have told them all that they needed to know about the character of the newly elected Chamber and of the Government in which it would place confidence. The truth probably is that these dismissed officials would have been willing in most cases to make the best of the change, and to serve the new Government as they had served the old. Here and there there might have been instances of a more robust determination not to go with the tide, but these would have been only the exceptions. With the rest M. RICARD would have been able to do pretty much what he liked, and thus the Republic, instead of adding to its enemies, would only have added to its converts. If any of those who had been continued in their offices had shown a disposition to play the enemy in the camp, it would have been easy to dismiss them with ignominy. A dangerous precedent would thus have been avoided, and the monarchical faction would have lost an opportunity of presenting themselves in the character of martyrs.

An undesigned tribute has lately been paid to the stability of the Republic by one of the ablest and most reasonable of its adversaries. Ever since the close of the war M. HERVÉ has advocated the cause of Constitutional Monarchy in the *Journal de Paris*. Neither the eclipse of the Orleanist section of the Royalists which was brought about by the visit of the Count of PARIS to Frohsdorf, nor the overthrow of all the carefully-nursed hopes of a restoration which was brought about by the obstinacy of the Count of CHAMBORD, could avail to discourage him. Even the adoption of the Constitution of February was not too great a trial to his faith. Either he thought that under M. BUFFET the idea of revision would be kept so constantly before the public mind, that an Orleanist journalist would never lack materials for drawing useful lessons from events, or he disbelieved that the Republic, committed to such hostile hands, had any chance of living out even the shortest term assigned it by the organic laws. But the constitution of a genuinely Republican Administration has been too much for his endurance. M. HERVÉ is not one of those Conservatives who do not care what Government they live under provided only that it is not a Republic. His detestation of the Empire, of which, while it lasted, he was one of the severest critics, has not lessened with time; and it would be no satisfaction to him to feel that he had hastened the death of the present Government if the Empire succeeded as its natural heir. Consequently he prefers to abandon the contest. The country has shown unmistakably that it desires a Constitutional Republic and not a Constitutional Monarchy. Politicians who in their zeal for Monarchy make it a wholly secondary consideration whether it is constitutional or despotic are not disturbed by this discovery. Constitutional Monarchy may be out

of the question, but Bonapartism is still active, and every inch of ground that the Republic loses improves the prospects of the Empire. Men who can comfort themselves in this fashion are under no temptation to retire from politics. If they cannot further the cause they most love, they may at all events have opportunities of damaging the cause they most hate; and as by this time they have probably grown indifferent to the precise form of Government which may succeed the present, the destructive element in the conflict has become more interesting to them than the constructive. These are not the doctrines that have been maintained in the *Journal de Paris*. It has never professed that all kinds of Monarchy were alike dear to it, or that so long as the rule of one man could be secured it was a matter of secondary moment whether that rule were absolute or limited. The step that M. HERVÉ has taken will bring the impossibility of a Bourbon restoration home to many people who, so long as an avowedly Orleanist newspaper continued to appear, might not have realized that the most eminent Orleanist politicians are no longer Orleanist in any personal sense. M. HERVÉ does not pretend to be converted from his old ways. He still thinks Constitutional Monarchy the best Government in itself and the best Government for France. But he no longer sees any hope of bringing his countrymen to share his convictions, and he retires for the time from the field. That M. HERVÉ and his colleagues will cease to be journalists is not probable. Their views will not preclude them from supporting the Government of the Republic whenever they think its policy satisfactory; but they will naturally prefer to support it in a journal which begins by taking the Republic for granted rather than in one which has steadily opposed it whenever an opportunity has presented itself.

THE RAILWAY COMMISSION.

THE Second Annual Report of the Railway Commissioners extends only to last October. More than half a legal year has since elapsed; and the cases which are brought before the Commission tend to increase in number. As the experiment of appointing a special Court for the trial of one kind of issues has been commenced, it ought not to be hastily discontinued. There is no reason to doubt the personal competence of the Commissioners, and they are constantly accumulating experience; but the existence, at a cost of some thousands a year, of a tribunal which in one twelvemonth decided eleven cases of alleged undue preference is not a little anomalous. By the Regulation of Railways Act, 1873, it was provided that the Commission should consist of three members, one of whom was to be a lawyer, and one a person experienced in the administration of railways; and it was implied that the Chairman should be selected on grounds of general ability and eminence. No objection can be taken to the appointments which were consequently made by the late Government. Sir FREDERICK PEEL had acquired a respectable reputation in Parliament and in office; Mr. MACNAMARA was well known as a sound lawyer; and Mr. PRICE had been for many years either Director or Chairman of the Midland Railway, and had also sat in the House of Commons. The appointment of laymen to judicial offices is at least a novelty; nor would it be easy to show that railway disputes are so peculiar or so complex in character as to require the intervention of experts acting as judges. When the Traffic Act of 1853 was under discussion, Lord CAMPBELL objected to the powers which it was proposed to confer on the judges of enforcing equal treatment of freighters by Railway Companies. In a speech full of fallacies which have often been quoted and never sufficiently exposed, he declared that, though he had spent his life in the study of the law, he knew nothing of the management of railways. Lord CAMPBELL might have remembered that he was every day administering justice in relation to matters of which he was in the first instance equally ignorant. He decided patent cases with little or no knowledge of mechanics or chemistry, as he tried horse causes without professing to appreciate the points of a horse. If the theory which he assumed were consistently applied, there need be neither lawyers nor judges; for it was implied that special and professional knowledge of the subject-matter of litigation is the sole and indispensable qualification of a competent tribunal. Courts of law and equity deal every day with questions which are new to them

except so far as they may have previously occurred in the course of their judicial experience. It is their business to be guided by evidence, and not by any knowledge which they may have previously possessed. The Railway Commissioners have properly regulated their proceedings in accordance with the ordinary practice of the Courts, and the evidence and arguments which have been produced before them differ in no perceptible degree from the grounds of judgments given in Westminster Hall. An Irish Railway Company allowed to certain carriers employed by themselves *ad. a parcel*, and refused any similar allowance to independent carriers. The Commissioners, as might be expected, directed the Company to discontinue an obvious preference of one customer to another. If the case could have been brought before a police magistrate or two justices at petty sessions, it would have been decided in the same way and still more expeditiously. It is difficult to understand why jurisdiction over so simple a matter of dispute might not be entrusted to a Division of the Court of Judicature, or even to a County Court.

It is not the fault of the Commissioners that they have to deal with trivial matters as well as with questions which are sometimes of serious importance. The first case in the Report illustrates the large results which may sometimes ensue from the application of the plausible principle of equality of treatment. In an application by certain Scotch coal-owners against the Caledonian Railway Company the Commissioners decided that equal rates for coal must be charged from two different coal fields. It was alleged by the Caledonian Company that the coal which had been allowed a lower rate was inferior in quality; but the Commissioners held, and, it must be supposed, rightly held, that the difference of quality was not such as to justify a difference of rate. A court of law might probably have arrived on the evidence at the same conclusion; but it is doubtful whether such an adjustment of rates ought to be referred to judicial interpreters of an Act of Parliament rather than to the discretion of traffic managers. Popular prejudice indeed welcomes any measure which may be supposed to be injurious to a Railway Company; but there are in all cases of the kind third parties who in their litigation with the Companies are really appealing to a judicial tribunal against one another. The interests of the coal-owner are much larger than those of the carrier, and it may be doubted whether Parliament deliberately intended that the competition among coal-owners in different districts should be controlled by the operation of the Act of 1853. It might well happen that comparative equality of rates would have the effect of shutting an entire coal-field out of the market, except in prosperous times when there is a margin of profit to spare. In many cases, though not universally, the interest of the railway in attracting the largest possible traffic coincides with the interest both of consumers and producers. The regulation or readjustment of several millions of different rates would be but roughly and unsatisfactorily effected by external interference. As there are undoubtedly cases in which it is proper to enforce uniformity of treatment, it would be premature to attempt a complete definition of the conditions under which control is expedient. When the Commissioners have exercised their jurisdiction for six or seven years, it may perhaps be found desirable to limit their authority in certain directions. The Companies ought to confine their efforts to vigilant observation of the tendency of the decisions in railway cases. It is not their interest for the time to irritate popular prejudices which may probably hereafter disappear. If the free action of independent traders is impaired, their grievances will attract attention.

One of the most useful functions of the Commission consists in its taking the place in many instances of the arbitrators to whom differences were referred under the provisions of numerous Acts. It is greatly to the benefit of Companies that arbitrators should be paid from the Consolidated Fund, and not out of the pockets of the litigants. The Commissioners also, sitting continuously till a case is finished, conduct the arbitration both more satisfactorily and at less expense. Their jurisdiction is in this department advantageously substituted, not for that of the courts of law, but for that of tribunals constituted for the occasion. It generally happens that arbitrators are busy in their various professions, and that they can give only intermittent attention to questions which are sometimes of grave importance. It is highly probable that the majority of disputes will be referred to

the Commissioners, especially as they can assume jurisdiction on the application of either party. In some instances they have promoted the public interest by giving a narrow construction to railway treaties which provide, not only for the avoidance of competition between the Companies themselves, but as far as possible against extension of railway accommodation within their joint districts. Courts of law would perhaps deal still more peremptorily with contracts which are intended principally to prevent the increase of railway accommodation. The power of fixing through rates on the application of a Company which owns any portion of a complete route has been in some instances beneficially exercised. The weakest point in railway administration has been the jealousy with which Companies have habitually regarded their immediate neighbours. The inconvenience which has consequently been suffered by travellers and freighters is not to be attributed to gratuitous malignity or caprice. Large adjacent Companies have commonly a number of questions pending between them; and the diplomatic ability of chairmen and managers is often exercised in adjusting a demand for accommodation in one part of the system against a counter claim in another. In every bargain all the circumstances of both parties are taken into consideration, and even a harmless concession is not readily given, when by a judicious delay it may become possible to sell it for a price. It is not undesirable that a body such as the Railway Commission should sometimes derange the strategy of rival managers; and it is probable that their intervention will gradually tend to make trains fit better, and to give freighters in some instances a choice of alternative routes. Perhaps the most anomalous duty imposed on the Commission is the determination of the mode in which railway property should be rated for the relief of the poor. It was wholly unnecessary to refer one application of the general law of rating to a Court which has no jurisdiction over the rating of ordinary property.

THE MERCHANT SHIPPING BILL.

THE Merchant Shipping Bill has improved so greatly since the Government have begun to pay attention to it, that it is impossible not to regret that more of their spare time in the autumn was not spent in considering what they meant to propose during the Session. There would then have been a fair chance of seeing a really final Bill passed in the present year; whereas in its present form, improved as that is, it can be little but the beginning of strife. It must not be forgotten that none of the amendments which are being introduced into the Bill as it goes through Committee, nor of those other amendments which are promised upon the Report, touch the radical fault of the early clauses. The Bristol Chamber of Commerce declared the other day that the machinery of detention provided in these clauses would either prove altogether inoperative, or would make the position of a shipowner unendurable. Out of this pleasing dilemma there is, so far as appears, no escape. The lives of seamen depend on the activity of the detaining officer. The ability of the shipowners to carry on their business with reasonable immunity from interruption depends on the supineness of the detaining officer. If the detaining officer is a man of Mr. PLIMSOLL's stamp, scarcely a ship will be allowed to go to sea without being subjected to examination just at the most inconvenient time. If the detaining officer is a man of the stamp which Mr. PLIMSOLL imagines the officials of the Board of Trade to be, the fact that the examination cannot be instituted except at great inconvenience will be held to be a reason for omitting it. In the former case, who would be a shipowner? In the latter case, who would be President of the Board of Trade? The public interest in the question has for the present grown weaker; but there is no saying when it may not revive, and the moment that it does revive the first instance of neglect on the part of a detaining officer will be the signal for a fresh agitation. If the clauses relating to the detention of ships had come later in the Bill, they would probably have been withdrawn on the understanding that clauses based on a wholly different principle would be substituted for them on the Report. Unfortunately they came at a stage when Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE had not yet discovered that the Bill as originally framed must be abandoned. It would be unsafe, however, to say positively that this error will not be redeemed. To recast the earlier part of the Bill on the Report would give an historical symmetry to its progress which will

otherwise be wanting. Clauses which have remained the same from first to last will look out of place in a measure which is for the most part so completely changed that Sir CHARLES ADDERLEY himself will have to think twice before he can feel assured that he is the titular author of it.

On Monday the Government brought up their new provisions for dealing with deck cargoes. They had satisfied themselves, not quite soon enough for their reputation as legislators, that it was impossible to approach this question without a definite idea of the position in which British ships were to be placed as regards foreign ships. If foreign ships arriving at British ports were to be excepted from the Bill, it must be on the principle that the more thoroughly the seaworthiness of British ships is secured the more highly they will be esteemed as carriers. Lord ESINGTON subsequently said that, if our regulations are successful, we shall ensure a preference being shown for British vessels all over the world. The natural inference from this is, that British shipowners can have no special interest in seeing foreign ships subjected to similar regulations. The more entirely these regulations are confined to British ships, the more valuable will be the reputation which British ships will derive from the observance of them. This is not the view which the Government take of the question; and, to judge from Lord ESINGTON's argument, it is not the view that the shipowners take of the question. They are too unselfish to wish to profit by any such superiority as an exclusive system of regulations might confer upon them. They are anxious that foreign shipowners should have a share in their blessings, whether they wish for it or not. By placing foreign vessels in our ports under British regulations we shall be doing, said Lord ESINGTON, the best thing we can for them, because we shall be placing them on an equality with our own ships. It is conceivable that foreign shipowners might have liked to have had a voice in the controversy, and that they may even suspect that this desire to have all ships subjected to the same treatment may be prompted rather by a fear that the regulations will prove annoying than by any strong belief that they will prove beneficial. It seems clear, however, that the shipowners would have strongly opposed any proposal to legislate for British vessels only, and when this had been ascertained the course of the Government became clearer. The inconvenience of coming into conflict with foreign Governments was less, or, at all events, less immediate, than the inconvenience of coming into conflict with a powerful interest in the House of Commons. The penalty on deck cargoes was consequently made applicable to foreign as well as British ships, and the unmeaning restriction to ships sailing from North American ports was done away with. Whether the penalty has been made effectual as well as universal is more doubtful. The clause as ultimately passed only applies to deck cargoes of timber, and even these are not interfered with if they do not rise more than three feet above the deck. The Government seem on this point to have been strangely blind to the feeling of the House. An amendment moved by Mr. PLIMSOLL to make the penalty apply to all timber carried on deck was only lost by eight votes. With the Government majority what it is, this is a fact of great significance, and the composition of the minority which supported the amendment is as remarkable as its numbers. One shipowner after another rose to say that, if deck cargoes are to be dealt with effectively, they must be prohibited altogether. The motive of the Government in permitting deck-loading to the height of three feet is to assimilate British and Canadian legislation; but the evidence of the President of the Quebec Chamber of Commerce, quoted by Mr. BRASSEY, makes it exceedingly doubtful whether the Canadians are much in love with their own laws on this point. This witness says that the concession of three-foot loads made by the Minister of Marine, in deference to certain shipowners, has not worked well, and that a large proportion of the cargoes so carried have had to be thrown overboard during the last season.

When the principle of legislating for foreign ships arriving in British ports had once been accepted, there was no reason for making difficulties about its application to foreign ships loading in British ports. In its original form the new clause providing for the detention of foreign ships proposed that, as soon as the provisional order for detention has been made, notice is to be given to the Consul of the nation to which the ship belongs; and if the order is disputed, the Consul is to name a surveyor, who shall decide between the master and the Board of Trade. The

objection to this plan lay in the absence of any security that the Consul would not favour the ship of the nation he represents; and in the interval between Monday and Thursday, or rather in the course of Thursday evening, the Government changed their mind. Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE stated very frankly the dislike which he entertained to the possible subjection of British ships in foreign ports to retaliatory legislation. But the difficulty of making a foreign Consul the virtual court of appeal from the decision of the Board of Trade had evidently made itself felt, and he suggested that on the Report a court of appeal for foreign vessels should be constituted, in which an assessor named by the Consul should take the place of an assessor named by the local Marine Board. With the prospect thus held out of incurring misunderstandings with foreign Powers in reference to the treatment of foreign vessels in British ports, it is satisfactory to learn from Sir CHARLES ADDERLEY that the Government are every day receiving intimations from foreign Governments that they heartily approve the steps which Parliament is taking to prevent the loss of life at sea. It seems, therefore, that the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER has overrated the danger to be apprehended from the legislation forced upon the Government. It must be remembered that Governments have to think of seamen as well as of shipowners; and, as a foreigner is probably not more careless of his life than an Englishman, the feeling of foreign sailors will usually be on the side of the English officials who detain their ship in order to save their lives. If the parts were reversed, and it was the foreign shipowner who might be expected to sympathize with the British Government, and the foreign sailor who might be expected to take offence at these new regulations, the chances of inconvenient consequences would probably be greater. In every country there is a feeling that the rich can take care of themselves wherever they are, and that it is the business of Governments to see that their poor subjects come to no harm abroad. If the principle of protecting life at sea is universally recognized, the danger of interested retaliation will disappear, and Englishmen may claim the merit of having led the way in a genuine improvement in mercantile legislation.

LITERATURE AND ART.

LITERATURE and art are apparently the subjects of the day, or perhaps we should say of the week. "The interests of Literature" was one of the toasts at the Royal Academy dinner last Saturday; in the middle of the week the supporters of the Literary Fund held their annual festival; and to-night the LORD MAYOR entertains a miscellaneous company under the general title of "Representatives of Literature." As for art, at this season it blooms on every side, and the Exhibitions open as regularly as the chestnut-buds. The public would thus seem to be specially invited to contemplate the results of human genius in these forms, and to say what it thinks of them. The first thing that must strike any one is, we fancy, that nowadays there is at any rate a great deal of literature and art. Each has come to be a vast business, giving wide employment not merely to those who produce the books or pictures, but to those through whose hands they pass in the course of trade. Moreover, it is obvious that there is a bewildering variety of classes and degrees, and that the general term "literature" or "art" includes many things which have little in common with each other. Still, as to the things themselves, there is some possibility of arriving at a sufficiently intelligible, if not very precise, definition of what is really literature and what is really art. But when we come to the producers a difficulty arises, at least in the case of men of letters. Art requires such special qualities and close devotion that those who work at it at all may be fairly called artists; but men of letters are not a class thus set apart. As Mr. FROUDE asked the other night, what is literature, and who are men of letters? One answer is, of course, that literature does not include all writing, and that a clerk is not a man of letters. On the other hand, there is a small class of professional persons who write for publication who may be distinctively termed men of letters; but, as far as the great bulk of literature is concerned, it is not the work of any special class, but is made up of the efforts of almost everybody of decent education. Literary capacity is, in fact, usually only one side of a character, and is, in a certain degree, very widely

distributed. There are not very many persons who spend their lives in writing books or articles, but there is an immense number who occasionally do so, it may be only once or twice in a life, or more frequently.

On the whole, it may be said that literature is not produced by men of letters expressly devoted to such work, but by people who find time to write when engaged in other occupations. Literature, in fact, is only a means of expressing ideas like speech, and consequently a great deal of prose is written as well as spoken. All sorts of people, without being literary men or journalists, contribute a great deal of information to the newspapers; and books are written in a similar way. At the Literary Fund dinner the Norwegian and Swedish Ambassadors put in a claim to have a high place in literature assigned to diplomatic despatches; and no doubt there are many specimens of this kind of writing which well deserve that honour. Again, Lord HOUGHTON started a theory that the literary instinct is closely allied with military courage, and that the soldier class supplies a large number of the best writers. This is a theory which will hardly bear analysis; but there can be no doubt that, as a matter of fact, military men often make valuable contributions to literature, both on their own and on other subjects; and the same might be said of sailors, lawyers, clergymen, and, in fact, of every professional group. Lord HOUGHTON remarked that the man of letters, as such, was the creation of a late civilization, and had come into existence only in comparatively recent days. This is no doubt true, but one reason for it is that in other days authors got little pay; and therefore to set up as solely a man of letters was much the same as giving up a livelihood. It was not till after DRYDEN's time that copyright in England began to have a commercial value. Lord HOUGHTON also suggested a doubt whether the man of letters pure and simple was a happy creation; and there can be no question that literature, if produced exclusively by dreamers or bookworms, would lose its healthy and elastic force, as well as its influence on the public, which demands practical ideas. What is wanted in literature is the embodiment of every kind of thought, knowledge, and experience. It is, we fancy, not uncommon with men of letters, even when successful, to grow weary of mere writing, and to be seized with a desire to do something. We have heard that this was so with M. PRÉVOST-PARADOL. He had achieved a great reputation by his attacks on the Empire, but after all it seemed like whipping the wind. Could he not, he thought, get a hold upon the machine of government himself, and turn it, in however small a way, to good ends? And so he fell into NAPOLEON's snare. There must of course be professional men of letters to carry on the systematic work of literature; but nothing could be more unfortunate than that literature should fall wholly or in great part into their hands. At the present moment, however, it does not appear that there is much chance of this.

Lord CARNARVON, in his speech on Wednesday, remarked that the general tone of modern English literature was, in the main, sound and healthy; and we are glad to believe that this is the case. At the same time there are symptoms of deterioration in certain directions. The mere fact that such a quantity of matter is published carries a danger with it. Literature is now manufactured with so much haste and in such large quantities that it is scarcely possible to keep up the quality at a high point. Again, the best market is apparently found among the most numerous class of the community, which does not happen to be the most intelligent or best educated; and in the midst of a vast mass of third or fourth-rate literature even the higher kinds are apt to catch the taint of looseness and vulgarity. The House of Commons, which is in more ways than one a representative body, is, as Mr. GOSCHEN has pointed out, declining, if not in intelligence, in culture and literary taste. By and by, when the mental range is widened among all classes of the population, there will no doubt be an enormous productive power available for literary creation; but in the meantime the tendency seems to be that the new body of readers, who have hitherto known literature only in its lower shapes, are by their encouragement diverting literary industry into the devious paths which lead to popular favour. Mr. DISRAELI observed at the Academy dinner that the conditions of life in England were not very favourable to the cultivation of high art, because "the creation of the beautiful in a community required the concentrated sentiment of a limited population." And the same remark may be in a certain degree applied

to letters. The influences which kept up a standard of taste are gradually being weakened by the pressure of the multitude. Not only does the critical faculty in the more refined and intellectual core of society fail to produce much impression on those outside, but it is even itself impaired and corroded by the surrounding passion for what is within the range of limited minds and rudimentary tastes. At the same time, that national spirit which comes from the strain of anxieties and difficulties, and which gives vitality to literature, is in danger of being diminished by the smoothness and ease of modern life. Still there is no reason that we can see for taking a desponding view either of the present position or prospects of literature. It must be expected to reflect the circumstances of the time; and this is undoubtedly a transition period. As education spreads there must, after a time, be a steady rise in the literary taste of the country.

In art the immediate effect of what was formerly the special possession of a select class being thrown open to the general public is perhaps more conspicuously observable than in literature. No one can visit the present exhibition at Burlington House—though it is perhaps in some respects better than usual—and compare it with the pictures of the older masters which have lately been displayed, and say that the standard of art has been raised in England. The practice and enjoyment of art have undoubtedly been widened, and it may be that the great body of the people have sounder views about art, and derive more refreshment from it than formerly; but this, though good in itself, does not compensate for a certain lowering of the aims of art which is only too obvious. At the Academy this year there is a great variety of pictures, and it is evident that proficiency in technical skill is extending. But the want of soul, of mind, of anything in the shape of idea, is depressingly apparent. The range of subjects is, with some important exceptions, painfully commonplace and uninteresting. Indeed a large proportion of the pictures are merely an improved reproduction of the men and women of the fashion-books. There are not less than three pictures in the Academy which rise to the height of excitement represented by the amazingly heroic feat of a young man helping a young woman over a puddle. Others are the sort of paragraph-pictures of events with which we are familiar in the illustrated papers, and which are rather a style of reporting than real art. It is perhaps not without significance that the members of the Academy, though they drank to the general interests of literature, passed over the interests of art, and contented themselves with "The Health of Sir FRANCIS GRANT and Prosperity to the Royal Academy." It does not follow, however, that the prosperity of the Academy implies the general prosperity of art; and, besides, prosperity has different meanings. That Academicians and Associates are prosperous in the sense that they get good prices for their works may be believed; but it cannot be said that art is prospering when such a very low standard of invention and beauty is exhibited on the walls. Sir FRANCIS GRANT expressed regret that so many pictures had this year to be rejected; but it might have been more reasonable if he had deplored the large proportion of bad and worthless art which has been admitted, and which must certainly discourage high aspirations, seeing that it is thus officially announced that almost anything may be passed off as art on an ignorant public, and that the Academy is willing to countenance the imposture. What art wants more than anything else is the exercise of authority in favour of a higher style of art.

MODERN MANNERS.

THERE are some things which everybody sees, but which there is a general reluctance to speak about until some kind of explosion occurs and compels attention. For some years past, for instance, there has been visible in English society a tendency to increasing freedom of manners, and a relaxation of those prudent restraints on giddiness or forwardness which used to be supposed to be an indispensable protection to all modest women. We have ourselves repeatedly called attention to it, and urged that the spread of habits of dangerous familiarity ought to be closely watched, and some check placed by social influence on the introduction of novelties of this kind, all tending in one direction. It would appear, however, that the departure from old-fashioned traditions of propriety is growing still more marked, and that a system of social intercourse is being gradually established under which all the once recognized rules of decent behaviour are completely set at naught. Indeed, it is becoming increasingly difficult in some

fashionable circles to form any estimate of the personal respectability of a well-dressed woman from her bearing and conduct. It is to be hoped that the remarks which a judge has just felt himself bound to make in the course of his duty will suggest profitable reflections on this subject. In a divorce suit which has been tried this week, and into the nature of which it is unnecessary to enter in detail, Sir J. Hannen, in summing up the case to the jury, made the following remarks:—"Generally speaking, when a young woman made a secret appointment with a young man, only one inference could be drawn from it; but it should be remembered that the respondent had been leading a life of frivolous gaiety, passing her time in frivolous amusements, flirting with a variety of men, and conducting herself in such a way as to lead to her husband's remonstrances. It was also only fair to remind them that there had of late years been a very marked change in the habits and manners of society, and that formerly women would have shrunk from being seen with persons and at places in circumstances which were now thought nothing of. He spoke of the change with loathing, but it was a fact that there had been such a change as that to which he referred in fashion and in the habit of young persons. Therefore, in these days, the same conclusion ought not to be drawn from conduct which would have been drawn from it in former times."

It is evident that things must have reached a pretty pass when a judge, sitting on the bench could feel himself justified in drawing such a picture of fashionable life; and it can hardly fail to open the eyes of those who have either shut their eyes or winked at the continual loosening of social restraints. What Sir J. Hannen has said would seem to come to this—that nowadays it is impossible to say from a lady's manner and behaviour whether she is or is not a respectable person, seeing that a part at least of society has agreed to dispense with the old rules on the subject. No matter what may be the levity and freedom of a woman's ways, no matter what breaches of decorum she may commit, it is not to be concluded that she is not a most respectable lady, for that is the way in which many respectable ladies now conduct themselves. Once upon a time there was a difference between the manners of good and those of bad society, and a man could judge from the way in which a lady received him on what terms he stood with regard to her. But the test of propriety is now gradually being given up. A woman may be quite respectable, though not at all proper. Everybody knows that Prince's is a most select and respectable place. All disreputable people who apply for admission are strictly blackballed. Yet it seems that the society which congregates there, and which may, we suppose, be taken as a fair sample of the fashionable world from which it is extracted, is not absolutely immaculate. It is stated that all the parties in the suit which led to Mr. Justice Hannen's observations were members of Prince's Club, and that it was there that the co-respondent was introduced to the respondent, and that they appear to have passed a good deal of their time. The respondent, who is described as "well connected and moving in good society," and who was also young and had only lately been married, appears to have gone about as if perfectly free and unattached. She took a husband only as a matter of form. She "flirted with a variety of men" on the strength of meeting them in such company as that to be found at Prince's, and she even went so far as to pass an evening with one of them in his lodgings. But nobody is to be allowed to suppose that, because a lady "moving in good society" chooses to run about, to rink, dance, and have *tête-à-tête* dinners with any man she takes a fancy to, she is therefore likely to be unfaithful to her husband. It appears that, in this instance, the husband did not relish the treatment to which he was subjected, and no doubt his wife and the men whose society she preferred thought it very unreasonable. We cannot say that it strikes us in that light. It must surely be the duty not only of a wife, but of every virtuous woman, to avoid placing herself in situations where she is certain to be suspected, and in which it is probable that she will fall. A woman who had due respect for the marriage tie or for the character of her sex would certainly not behave in such a way. It must be remembered that general character is always an important element when a question arises as to the truth of any suspicions which may have been roused. The proof of actual guilt may depend on some accidental disclosure, but no woman can expect to be trusted who flagrantly adopts a freedom and looseness of manner similar to that of her abandoned sisters. People who make a point of carrying jemmies and skeleton-keys about with them have no right to complain if strange things are believed of them; and so with ladies who defy their husbands, and roam about with other men. Suspicion must necessarily be part of the penal system of society, and it is exercised in rightful defence. It might be difficult or impossible to procure conclusive evidence of a particular offence, such as would be necessary for judicial purposes; but society has a right to judge from appearances, and to place under a ban those who try to break down the barriers of propriety.

There is a sufficient accumulation of human experience since the world began to explain the necessity of those social rules which are now falling into contempt, and the danger of disregarding them. The conduct of people mainly depends upon their habits, and if those habits tend in a certain direction, and present constant temptation to and opportunities for evil-doing, the decline is usually found slippery enough by those who try how far they can slide, in the hope that they will still be able to pull themselves up again on the verge of sudden peril. It is not merely that the prevalence of free and easy manners affords a convenient cover-

ing to vicious courses, but that it also serves as an encouragement to innocent people to trust themselves on treacherous ground. Nothing is so fatal as the curiosity which leads women into experiments of this kind, and it is inevitable that out of a number of cases there should be some disasters. It is no excuse to say that some women are quite able to take care of themselves under such circumstances; for, in the first place, this is seldom true, and, in the next, mischief is done by the bad example which is set to those of warmer feelings or weaker resolution. Cases occur from time to time which supply illustrations of the way in which habits of ready and unreserved familiarity operate on a certain kind of men, if not on women. Womanly modesty has been likened to an onion which is composed of successive folds, and, these being stripped off one by one, there is found to be nothing left. The suppression of any of the precautions which are required to keep liberties at arm's length not only weakens the general line of defence, but fosters the audacity and unscrupulousness of the enemy. It is impossible for any one who really looks about him and sees what is going on under his nose to be blind to the injurious effects of those habits of gregarious fastness which are constantly becoming more daring and reckless. It would appear as if it were the object of a class of women to associate with men on the footing of male friends, to join in their sports, and even to share their dissipation. Under prudent arrangements, the association of the sexes is wholesome and beneficial; but the attempt to discard old-fashioned notions of prudence and propriety cannot fail to be unsettling and disastrous. At the rinks there appear to be great facilities for striking up promiscuous acquaintanceships, and carrying on familiarities under cover of the nature of the amusement. In other days mothers assumed that it was their duty to exercise some kind of supervision over their daughters' daily life, to see what sort of books they read, what companions they had, and what kind of talk and ideas was brought to bear on their young and unsophisticated minds. But modest timidity is now regarded as childish affectation, and girls are left to learn everything, and to do almost anything they choose on their own responsibility. We should be sorry to make too much of the sad consequences which occasionally ensue, but these are not the only evils to be guarded against. The mere approach to such things in fancy, the familiarity of the mind with subjects of scandal, exercises a deteriorating influence on the moral fibre, and plants dangerous seeds which may find congenial nourishment. Maidenly reserve is too delicate and precious a thing to be exposed to ruffling and jostling. Girls nowadays go about too much into places where they are likely to encounter equivocal people, and to hear of, if not to see, equivocal scenes. Nobody would wish to see English girls shut up like the pupils of a convent, but it can hardly be doubted that just at present the opposite tendency is being carried too far. After the judicial rebuke which has now been given, it cannot be said that the unfavourable reports of modern manners are a mere invention of malicious gossip. The disorder may not yet have spread so far or so deeply as some suppose, but that it is lurking in the system and requires stringent remedies has now been proved beyond the power of contradiction. However painful it may be, it is necessary to realize what society is coming to, if it goes on as it is doing, and as this case reveals—marriage without maternity, nominal husbands, and constant flirtation with other men pushed to the brink of guilt.

CHRISTIANITY AMONG THE NEGROES.

MR. GLADSTONE is not peculiar in maintaining that, while the dogma of Christianity is always the same, its outward form and clothing may, and indeed must, vary according to national, local, and personal differences. There is nothing in such a statement, rightly understood, to shock the most orthodox convictions, while the too common failure of missionary enterprise, and especially of Protestant missions, may be partly explained by a practical oblivion of it. A Bampton Lecturer some years ago observed on the absurdity of assuming that the same cut-and-dried system of religious usage and worship which had become stereotyped in an English country parish would therefore be the most suitable for transferring bodily to the Iroquois; and Jesuit missionaries in China, if some of their proceedings have been open to very grave censure, at least showed their good sense in not refusing to dress like Mandarins. It is a sad but significant fact that preachers like Dean Church, and historians like Dean Merivale, have felt obliged, in tracing the influences of Christianity on national character, to confine themselves almost exclusively to the various branches of the great Aryan stock. Few comparatively among the Semitic, Mongolian, or Negro families have embraced the religion of the Gospel; and it can hardly be doubted that the fault lies in great measure at the door of its professors, if not through their neglecting their duty altogether, through their erroneous method of discharging it. It is to the case of the negroes that we desire especially to call attention here in connexion with an interesting paper "by a Negro," which appears in the current number of *Fraser's Magazine*. The writer has naturally drawn his illustrations mainly from the Western world, as containing the greatest number of negroes who have come under Christian teaching, and especially from the United States.

We are met of course on the threshold by one great drawback which has necessarily prejudiced the efforts of Christian mission-

aries for centuries—the institution of slavery. It is painful to be obliged to acknowledge that the system owed its origin to a Christian priest, Bartolomé Las Casas, whose sympathy for the delicate Caribs led him to suggest that the hard work to which they were unequal should be laid on the shoulders of robust Africans. It is fair indeed to remember that Las Casas repented heartily before his death of the injustice he had committed, though his motive had been a good one. But his repentance, as in such cases usually happens, came too late to benefit any one but himself. The transportation of negroes from Africa which he had first suggested became a matter of national policy, and was continued for three centuries. The curious thing is that what had originated in a scheme of terribly one-sided benevolence, and was perpetuated from motives of interest sufficiently intelligible, however discreditable, came to be accepted and vindicated by Christian teachers of various creeds and of unimpeachable integrity, as a kind of Divine dispensation. That Aristotle should defend on philosophical grounds the principle of *φύσει δοῦλοι*, which was universally accepted among his countrymen, is explicable enough; but it is strange to find the descendants of a Huguenot or Puritan ancestry claiming a natural right to the absolute obedience of their dark-skinned serfs, and instructing such of them as embraced Christianity that acquiescence in serfdom was the most urgent of their Christian obligations. Yet we hear of one Southern Bishop elaborately embodying this doctrine in a volume of *Sermons, Tracts, and Dialogues for Masters and Slaves*, and another inditing a catechism which teaches that for a slave to disobey his master is to yield to the Devil; while a minister of another Christian denomination compiled a catechism deducing the same lesson from the story of Onesimus. General Hammond went further when he maintained that "slavery is not only not a sin, but especially commanded by God Himself through Moses, and approved by Christ through His Apostles." He adds, with a fine but quite unconscious irony, that "slavery is truly the corner-stone of every well-designed and durable Republican edifice"; and that it is unsafe for slaves to read the Bible, because there is an "abolitionist key" to it which "would convert the reader, not into a Christian, but a demon." When the "peculiar institution" was unanimously upheld by men of the highest character and position of the dominant race and creed—governors, magistrates, legislators, landed gentry, as well as clergy of all denominations—it is hardly wonderful that Christianity either failed to attract the negroes at all or could only exert a partial and distorted influence over them. That, even so, it did more or less influence them for good says much for the divinity of a religion which suffered so grievously at the hands of those who claimed to be its interpreters. If, as a writer in the *Westminster Review* has intimated, the saints of America were chiefly to be found among its bondsmen, it must be feared that their sanctity was rather in spite of their Christian instruction than in consequence of it. And, after all, the saints were the exceptions. On the other hand, strange survivals of heathenism, such as the horrible Obeah system described by Mr. Kingsley in his *Christmas in the West Indies*, continued to prevail among nominal converts to the Gospel. Yet even so late as 1864 the General Assembly of the Southern Presbyterian Church declared it to be the mission of that body "to conserve the system of African slavery."

It is perhaps more interesting to inquire into the effects of Christianity on the negro race since the period of emancipation; only it must of course be remembered that the evil effects of the false teaching and misgovernment of centuries cannot be removed in a day. It is not therefore surprising to meet with a very general complaint of the want of moral fibre, so to speak, even among the best of these coloured Christians. In the official Report of the Superintendent of Public Schools for Virginia in 1874 they are described as "polite, amiable, quiet, orderly, and religious," but "without moral character." The *American Missionary* quotes the sermon of a preacher who had entirely failed to distinguish between the Bible and the *Pilgrim's Progress*, and whose hearers were quite unable to correct him. The Episcopal *Spirit of Missions* deplors "the absence of the ethical element" from negro religion. This is however only the natural consequence of a long course of slavery, and unfortunately the change in the actual relations of whites and blacks does not seem yet to have effected a corresponding change in their relative estimates of each other. Slavery is still upheld as a doctrine by many Christians in the South, while the contempt for the subject race which it inevitably engendered is hardly less active in the North now than formerly. Thus a distinguished Professor of Straight University and Moderator of the Presbytery is excluded from hotel accommodation, when travelling on the business of his Church, simply because he is a negro. The Bishops of the African Methodist Church have addressed a pathetic appeal "to the American people," craving protection against the impositions and oppressions to which they, pastors of "the oldest and most numerous organization of coloured persons in the country," and their flocks are subjected. Under such a social condition—and our illustrations of it might easily be multiplied—it is not wonderful that the ethical element should be wanting. Education has done something, but it could not in any case do everything, and under existing social and ecclesiastical arrangements it can do comparatively little.

We have seen that negro slavery took its origin from the well-meant, though terribly misdirected, philanthropy of a Roman Catholic priest. It has since found champions among every class of American Protestants. The journals of the coloured race

have lately been employed in discussing the relative claims of the Catholic and Protestant Churches on the allegiance and respect of negroes. A negro Bishop of the Methodist community warned his fellows in the *Independent* newspaper against the "aggressions" of the Roman Catholics. This called forth a vigorous reply from a coloured gentleman, a friend of the late Senator Sumner, who insists that, while the Protestant Church proclaims the doctrine of the brotherhood of man, the Catholic alone acts upon it. "The cruel spirit of caste finds sympathy and protection under a Protestant Republic," but the Catholic Church freely opens its schools to the little ones who are excluded from the Protestant schools, on terms of equality, and educates coloured youths at Rome for missionary work. This view of the case is endorsed by the coloured writer in *Fraser*—apparently a Protestant—who thinks no reader of history can question the deep debt of gratitude owed by his class to the Roman Catholic Church. "The only Christian negroes who have had the power successfully to throw off oppression, and maintain their position as free men, were Roman Catholics. In the ecclesiastical system of modern, as in the military systems of ancient, Rome there seems to be a place for all races and colours"; the names of canonized negroes are to be found in the Catholic hagiology, and the negroes have risen to high positions in Catholic countries. On the other hand, he considers that under Protestant rule the negro is kept in a state of tutelage and irresponsibility fatal to the development of manliness and independence. The American Episcopal Church has, however, lately consecrated a negro Bishop for Hayti, the only dissentient voice in the Episcopal Convention being that of the English Bishop of Jamaica, who insisted that in that diocese no negro priest would be able to command respect. This certainly appears a strange account of the negroes after two hundred years of residence in the island and forty years of freedom, and a writer in the *Quarterly Review* of last July is probably right in attributing it to the strength of English prejudice. It is a trite saying that extremes meet, and our author holds that, next to Roman Catholics, they are the heterodox rather than the Evangelicals who have proved themselves friends of his race. Their ablest American champions belong to the ranks of Unitarian preachers and poets like Channing, Emerson, and Longfellow, and in England the *Westminster Review* has been readier to do them justice than the respectable organs of orthodoxy. It must not of course be forgotten that Evangelical heroes like Wilberforce and Zachary Macaulay took the lead in the Emancipation movement in England, but they do not seem to have inspired the main body of their theological adherents with the same generous and Christian enthusiasm. Negro Christianity, however, where it is not Roman Catholic, almost always takes the form of orthodox Protestantism. It must be hoped that in the future Catholics and Protestants will learn to vie with each other in impressing on their coloured brethren by word and example alike the spirit as well as the bare letter of their creed.

THE WORKS AT ST. DAVID'S.

THE traveller who visits the most remote cathedral church of South Britain after an absence of a quarter of a century finds that even there change has wrought a good deal. We assume that by this time a class of people have arisen who at least know where St. David's is, who do not look on it as the same place as St. Asaph, nor yet invent curious etymologies to prove it to be the same place as Llandaff. But even within the diocese itself there are difficulties to be striven against. One sect, with a kind of holy simplicity, believes that the Bishop lives at the real St. David's. Another sect, because the Bishop lives on a more practical site in Caermarthenshire, believes that St. David's must be in Caermarthenshire also. A third sect often leads the unwary astray by a more wanton geographical confusion. Men who have been brought up at St. David's College, Lampeter, are apt to speak of their own place of education as "St. David's," and so either to win for the ancient city an undeserved reputation as a modern seat of learning, or else to transfer it in imagination from its own place to quite new quarters at Lampeter. But we will hope that there are some who have found the way to steer clear of all these errors, and who know in what corner of Britain to look for the mother church of the diocese which stretches further to the west than any save one in Southern Britain, and which once reached almost within sight of the inland city of Hereford.

The church of St. David has certainly seen a good deal of change during the last twenty-five years; but at first sight the church seems to have changed less than the village city, especially in those parts of it which immediately look down on the church. We say "look down," because every one who has either been at St. David's, or has studied its picture with any care, knows that the Welsh fashion of planting episcopal churches at the bottom of a hill rather than on its top is carried to its extreme at St. David's, where church and palace lie in a basin surrounded by higher ground on every side. The town stands on the eastern height, the top of the cathedral tower hardly ranging with its buildings. But those buildings have certainly not been improved by a phase of architectural zeal which seems to have come over the place. Contending religious denominations, contending theories of education, have crowned the heights with school-houses and tabernacles, each uglier than its fellow, each less in harmony with the venerable buildings on which they look down. But, as we go down the hill, the change in the church

itself seems less than might have been looked for when it is remembered that a great work of restoration has been going on there for many years. The eye at once takes in that, though the eastern chapels still lie roofless, yet the aisles of the presbytery, which once lay no less roofless, are now covered in and restored to their natural use as an essential portion of the church. Here is an improvement which cannot be spoken against. But it is rather a pity that the one thing in the restoration which may be spoken against is one of the first things to thrust itself on the eye. He who goes down the hill sees at once that the east end is no longer as it was in past times. The eastern limb at St. David's had a singular history. The original east end was a composition of lancets in two rows—perhaps, when perfect, of three—after the type of those at Ely and Southwell. But this design was very early hidden, and afterwards blocked, by the addition of eastern chapels. At the end of the fifteenth century, when the beautiful chapel of Bishop Vaughan was built immediately to the east of the presbytery, the presbytery itself was remodelled according to the taste of those times. The walls were raised, the roof was lowered, the lower range of lancets was blocked, the upper range was supplanted by a single wide Perpendicular window. This last, as so often happens, had decayed more rapidly than the earlier work; it needed a renewal of some kind, and the skill of Sir G. G. Scott was able to make out exactly from surviving fragments and indications what the upper range of lancets had been. Here was a case in which, as it seems to us, two courses were open, for either of which a great deal might be said. One course would have been to respect the history of the building in all its changes; to respect the work of the fifteenth century no less than the work of the thirteenth, and to give to both that amount of conservative restoration which was physically needed. On the other hand, as some repair of the window was unavoidable, and as the earlier window could be restored with certainty, there was a great temptation to restore the design of the thirteenth century in its fulness; to lower the walls, to raise the roof, to restore the upper range of lancets, and to design a gable in harmony with them. Either of these courses, either the bolder or the more timid, would, we think, have been better than the intermediate one which was actually chosen. The upper range of lancets was restored; but the roof was not raised, nor the walls lowered. Inside there is less to be said against the change; the more daring plan would have involved the destruction of a really good wooden roof. But outside, in the first glimpse which the visitor has of the restored east end, the effect is not pleasing. The range of lancets had its place and its beauty when it formed part of one greater design, with something in harmony with itself both above it and below it. It does not look in place with the low gable above it and the flat chapels below it. The visitor who remembers the church in its former state is perhaps tempted to wish the old window back again, which at least suited its place; if of a less conservative turn, he is sorry that he does not see a high gable with a further composition of the same kind rising above the restored lancets.

With this single exception, the traveller who revisits St. David's has the great comfort of looking on a building which has been made safe and sound, but which has not been made to look new. The roofless aisles have been covered, the blocked windows of the nave clerestory have been opened, but St. David's is still St. David's. It has not, like some of our restored churches, put on new forms which almost hinder us from knowing them again. The church itself, the gateway tower above it, the ruined college by its side, the ruined palace beyond it, are all essentially as they were. In looking down on them we turn our backs on the ugly buildings which have sprung up above them, and we feel that ancient Menevia is still herself. We enter the church, and we soon see, that without ceasing to be herself, she has learned how to improve upon her former self. Through the greater part of the building, through the whole part which is still in practical use, all signs of neglect and decay have passed away. The building has been made secure, its arrangements have been made decent and in order, a large amount of ornament has been introduced in many parts, and yet the whole has been so skillfully done that there is no feeling of newness. The old familiar building has been strengthened, cleansed, and adorned, but no one can take it for a new building. The traces of the history of the building, in which St. David's is so especially rich, the marks of the repeated changes which have been carried out, and the still more characteristic marks of the many complicated changes which were never carried out, the spaces traced out for so many vaults which have never been added, all have been respected—all are there to be seen and studied as fully and clearly as before any hand had been laid upon the building. Several things which were before hidden have been brought to light to form new subjects for study and for perplexity, but none of the old signs have been done away. It is hardly possible to give higher general praise to any work of restoration than this; every practical object is satisfied, while there is hardly a single change which can offend the historical sense.

But the works which have been done at St. David's suggest the works which are still to be done there. Unhappily the best work of all cannot be done. That would have been for the great prelate whom St. David's has lately lost to have been buried in a fitting tomb in the still roofless part of his own church, and for the roof which has perished to have been renewed as the noblest of canopies over his tomb. That unhappily cannot be; but the next best thing under the circumstances both can be and will be done. A vigorous effort has been made for the purpose of providing the church

with a more fitting west front as a memorial of Bishop Thirlwall. We gave our reasons some time back for thinking that, under the very peculiar circumstances of the case, this was the best course to follow, and it is the one which has been actually chosen. But exactly to settle what change should be made is a matter which calls for some thought. The present west front, though its great window, its doorway, and the finish of its turrets and gables are all hideous enough, is solid and not without a certain kind of dignity. On the other hand, the original form of the front, though it cannot be recovered with the same minute exactness as the four lancets at the east end, can be recovered in its main outlines from old drawings. Over the doorway there was again a composition of lancets, while there were round windows at the end of the aisles. The present gable is low, the whole outer roof of the nave having been lowered when the splendid wooden ceiling was added at the beginning of the sixteenth century. The question now arises whether in such a case, especially when the building is to have a special purpose and significance, the architect is at all bound to reproduce the lines of a front which is altogether gone, and of which all that is known is the general design, and not the detail. Here again there is something to be said on both sides. But it must not be forgotten that the special object of the work is to form a memorial of Bishop Thirlwall, and it is important that the design should be one in which a figure of him may form a prominent object. For this purpose hardly anything could be better than one of those large doorways set in a gable which would give a space in that gable for a statue in a niche. But as this would give the doorway a greater height than is usual in English churches, it would hardly be consistent with a window of the usual form. Would it not be lawful, in such a special case, to cast aside both the present ugly window and the lancets which went before it, and to carry out the idea suggested by the small round windows at the end of the aisles in a greater round window at the end of the nave? This would give more room for the tall gabled doorway and the statue. And anyhow we should be strongly inclined to restore the high gable. The front, above all if it is to consist of lancets, can hardly have a satisfactory outline without it. Yet there is the fact that the roof of the nave has been for ages low, and that not long ago it was newly leaved. But why not make the gable, not as a sham, but as a beginning, with a small part of the roof raised? This was done with the eastern gable of Dorchester, and the long line of roof gradually rose to meet it. The high roof outside would in no way interfere with the rich flat ceiling within, while it is the very thing that is needed for the external effect of the nave. We do not presume to dictate to Bishop, Chapter, or architect; but we at least throw out these thoughts for their consideration.

RECTORIES AND RECTORIES.

IN novels, and not unfrequently in reality, the English rectory is the embodiment of everything most attractive in English rural scenery. It would often seem as if the reformed clergy had inherited the good fortune of their Roman Catholic predecessors in the pleasant places where their lines have fallen to them. Making your way along woodland lanes between tangled hedgerows, or across breezy commons scented with furze and broom, you have been catching glimpses of the grey church tower, withdrawing itself modestly behind sheltering trees. As you come nearer, the homely thatch and quaint gables of the village cottages show irregularly through gaps in the timber, and at last a turn of the road brings you into the village street. There is the tavern sign swinging from the boughs of the elm over the gravelled space before the door of the Somebody's Arms; the horse-pond under the flowering chestnuts, where the waggoner is watering his thirsty team; and the little green pastured by its flock of geese, where the boys are getting up their game at cricket. The place is clearly well to do; the people look as if they had long been the pets of lords of the manor as liberal as the Hazledeans of Hazledean in *My Novel*. There is no lack of paint and whitewash, although the one and the other have generally been mellowed by time. Indeed for the most part the cottage walls disappear behind masses of climbers and creepers, while there is a blaze of simple old-fashioned flowers in the little borders that divide the dwellings from the roadway. The church you have been admiring from a distance naturally tempts you to a closer inspection, and there you distinguish the same signs of easy munificence. The lych gate in sculptured oak, with its pious inscription, is a graceful specimen of the very modern antique; so is the new chancel with the stained memorial windows that blend so happily with the ivy-covered Norman church. The grass in the churchyard is as carefully kept as the gravel; the crosses and wreaths enamelled by affectionate hands in bouquets of brilliant bloom on the new-made mounds relieve the shadows that fall from venerable yews on the moss-grown tombstones of long-forgotten generations. There is a sense of peace and beauty in the languid atmosphere which cannot but make its impression on the least susceptible. The man of the busy world most wedded to cities and the excitement to be found in them feels for the moment as if his own life were perhaps a mistake after all, and as if real happiness were more likely to be found here than either in Lombard Street counting-houses or Pall Mall clubs.

We may take for granted that he would be ready enough to change places with the squire. The oak park-palings and the

snug lodges, the broad gravel approaches innocent of weeds, the herds of deer in the glades among the well-kept timber, the rambling *façade* of the Elizabethan mansion with its stacks of chimneys thrown back between the trees of the rookery above the lake and the terraced flower-gardens, tell no story of mortgages or other latent disagreeables. You can imagine the fortunate proprietor to be the happier in his ancestral halls, inasmuch as he can leave them in the London season, or at any other time, without unpleasant explanations with his banker. But even more congenial to the frame of mind into which the cheerful aspect of the village and the calm of the churchyard have for the moment thrown the visitor is the modest residence which he suddenly notices while still loitering musingly in the precincts of "God's Acre." A little gate opens in the low wall into a dense laurel thicket. A glimpse of a broad-eaved gable suggests the vicinity of the rectory or vicarage, though, from that side at least, it seems almost as carefully hidden out of view as any wren's nest in the roots of the neighbouring bushes. If the inmates care to meditate among the tombs, they must turn out for the purpose; the suggestive spectacle is effectually screened from them by masses of foliage. On the other side all is light and brightness, as you see when you go round by the road. The front is broken by great bow windows; the verandah, covered with clematis, is festooned with variegated sun-blinds, which seem dull by comparison with the gay arrangement of colours in the flower-beds that fringe the velvet lawn. The happy inmates may regard the park of the neighbouring Hall as their own, without being weighted with the burdens of wealth and position. They look across the stretches of grass and bracken to the timbered knolls, vocal with clouds of rooks; the deer come feeding up to the sunk fence that marks the limits of the little pastoral domain; there is a concert of soft rural melody in the sunny air, made up of the song of birds and the hum of bees, with the cooing of the ring-doves from the recesses of the coppices. Not inharmoniously, the subdued notes of a rich-toned piano come murmuring out of the open windows of the drawing-room. You may make your passing observations without being obtrusive, for the little church path which has existed from time immemorial is carried along under cover of the ha-ha. You can see that the clergyman does not live altogether out of the world, though he may be three long miles from the nearest railway-station and twice as far from the county town. The other open window is evidently that of the library; the massive bookcases contain good store of tomes in respectable calf, while the tables are heaped with lighter literature and periodicals. The soft-cushioned armchair in the bay, with such a landscape without and such surroundings within, seems like a reserved seat in a terrestrial paradise for a dilettante of refined tastes. There may be something too much of the sensuous about it for severe intellectual labour, and everything conspires to assure you that the master of the establishment takes life easily. The comfortable old servant sunning himself on the steps of the door suggests a well-spread table and a well-stocked cellar. You feel sure that through all the fluctuations of fashion in wines the bins of orthodox port have been steadily replenished; that the circulars of cheap advertising Companies are altogether thrown away on such a household; and that it can still produce a bottle of venerable Madeira, notwithstanding the failure of the vines. And in fact the rector, although he may have his skeleton in the cupboard like the rest of mankind, has everything about him that can smooth existence. He is in that state of life between poverty and riches so lauded by the sacred sage whom he is fond of quoting in his sermons. It is a family living, and a very good one; but the incumbent had means of his own, and so had his wife. His fortune is safely invested in securities that make him indifferent to rumours of war abroad and disturbances in the stock market at home. He is ready enough to open his purse, but has very rarely occasion to do so, for the liberality of his kinsman at the Hall anticipates the calls of the parish. Being in such easy circumstances, of course he has only children enough to make his nursery lively, just half as many as his curate. There is not a Dissenter within his bounds; his loyal churchwardens have no opinions but his; and his parishioners to a man are tenants on the property, or labourers dependent on the landlord and the farmers. The brougham, the pony carriage, and the light waggonette, encourage him in the social dispositions that make him courted by his neighbours for a dozen miles round; and if we can suspect him of cherishing any special secret sorrow, it is that in all human probability he will be left to live and die in his Eden. For affluent indolence eats away active ambition; the springs that shoot a man towards high Church dignities have in his case lost most of their elasticity; and his dearest friends would be the last to dream of tempting him to a change of condition by the offer of some piece of wealthier preferment.

This is one picture of an English beneficed clergyman—rosily coloured perhaps, but by no means extravagantly so. The most that can be said by way of drawback is that our happy parson has drawn one of the prizes in the clerical lottery and can hardly be called a representative man. Let us take, by way of counterpart, the case of one of his old College comrades, who once congratulated himself on a fortunate start, but is now to all appearance hopelessly stranded. This time we are in one of the Northern counties, and the rectory, which is set upon a hill, is conspicuous from very far off. It is substantially built, as it had need to be, considering the bitterness of the prevailing blasts. Wood only thrives

under shelter, and the few trees about the parsonage are stunted and weather-beaten. The solid stone wall that surrounds the garden is decidedly useful, if not ornamental, for without it the less hardy vegetables would have even rougher times than they have. The architecture is as bald as that of the neighbouring church, whose builders seem to have borrowed a leaf from the book of ecclesiastical architects over the Scottish border. Though it is the beginning of summer, the small window-sashes are scrupulously closed, for a keen East wind brings up a touch of raw sea fog from the leaden-coloured ocean. The view is extensive enough, in all conscience; but there is nothing for the eye to rest upon better than the chilly sea on the horizon on one side and the barren hills on the other. Not a gentleman's seat is to be seen, for this and half-a-dozen of the adjacent parishes are inscribed on the rent-roll of a single great landowner. The sparsely scattered farmhouses indicate farms of portentous size, with a vast extent of moor and grazing land. Here, too, there is a village hard by, and a tolerably populous one, as it is the habit of the poorer classes to huddle together. But, though it shows no signs of positive poverty, the long single street is the very abomination of repulsive desolation. There is not a bit of green beyond an occasional kale-yard, enlivened with a struggling currant-bush or two. No one thinks of attending to appearances or undertaking superfluous repairs; the fetid gutters meander uncovered along the roadway; the pigsties are generally in front of the doors; the refuse is left to rot where it is shot down; and, in spite of excessive ventilation from every quarter of the heavens, the prevailing stench is as horrible as they are miscellaneous. If the parson tried to play the reformer, he would only take the surest way to perpetuate abuses. By far the greater part of his parishioners are Presbyterians, while two-thirds of the rest belong to minor Dissenting bodies. He is regarded generally with suspicion, if not aversion. When he takes his walks abroad, people meet him with the slightest and rudest of greetings, if they do not go by with a sneer or a scowl. He preaches, as a rule, to half-empty pews, occupied by stolid listeners who have yawned over his most stirring appeals till his preaching has naturally lost all animation. He has a good deal of trouble about tithes, which create much bad feeling; but he cannot afford to make concessions. He is in the enjoyment of some 300*l.* a year, and thought himself the most fortunate of men when the bishop presented him as a youthful curate. But since then he has married, and his wife had as little as he in the way of private fortune. In compensation she has presented him with a dozen children, who have all survived the perils of infancy, since the climate is healthy, though disagreeable. Everything is dear except coal. He can only economize by dispensing with things which he used to regard as necessities, and there is a steady professional drain on his scanty resources, as there are no resident gentlemen to lay under contribution. He is ten miles from a station, and it is long ago that he was compelled to put down his pony carriage. The parishes around are as big as his own, and it is a good forenoon's march to the nearest of his brother clergymen, who perhaps chances to hold diametrically opposite views to his own. His wife has to fall back on the society of the farmers' wives, or to go without. He cannot afford to buy books, and is far beyond reach of any decent lending library. He has even given up taking in a newspaper, since he began to find that his personal embarrassments gave him enough to think of, to the exclusion of all concern in public affairs. Poverty has proved at least as great a snare to him as affluence and elegant leisure to his brother parson in the South. His talents have rusted for want of exercise, and his ideas have become hopelessly cramped in their grooves, as the shadows of indifference and ignorance have settled down on him. The bishop who placed him, failing to make allowance for untoward circumstances, is half inclined to regret his choice, and certainly has no idea of helping him to further preferment. With everybody else he is out of sight and out of mind; in fact, the unfortunate divine is effectually shelved, and if he turns into a misanthrope, who can wonder?

It would be altogether impossible to make a misanthrope of a third class of incumbent, although he has seen far more than most clergymen of the least agreeable side of human nature. As a curate he was thrown over head and ears into hard work in a parish among the collieries, where the beershop is the grand institution and dog-fighting the favourite pastime. There he was so successful in winning his way, and crowding the hard benches of his schoolshed of a Sunday evening, that he was translated by a gentle pressure of episcopal authority to the charge of a district church in a "rising and flourishing industrial centre"—rising and flourishing, that is, in an industrial sense, though, so far as vegetation goes, the surrounding country is blackened with chemical deposits for a radius of a score of miles over a blighted flat broken up by slag heaps. The worthy pastor's rectory-house is a semi-detached villa in a brand-new suburban thoroughfare, founded on unstable deposit beds of oyster shells, broken crockery, and miscellaneous rubbish. Yet already the stucco begins to take the tint of lampblack; and the decomposing paint falls in flakes from the area railings. Possibly he might be hipped and unhappy had he any spare time to think; but he has far too much on his hands to indulge in melancholy reveries. He is continually up and about, saying a casual word in season here, looking in upon a sick-bed there, ventilating the oppressive atmosphere with the healthy sympathy of his cheery nature, while he has a worthy helpmate in his devoted wife. His parishioners consist of one or two wealthy employers, and a busy multitude of hard-working men doomed to what strikes one as most

depressing drudgery. Yet it was only the other day that they sunk long-standing differences, ignored the memories of strikes and locks-out, and presented him harmoniously with a ten-service of silver plate, a Bible and Prayer-book, and a purse of sovereigns to boot. The plate and books he accepted cordially; the sovereigns he passed on to a struggling hospital, which he has been doing his best to establish and endow. In the enjoyment of some fruit of his arduous labours he is marvellously happy and contented, considering his surroundings. The other day he was well nigh tempted away by the offer of an episcopal see in the Fiji Islands, which held out the attraction of work seasoned by danger, with a fair prospect of martyrdom in reversion. But when it came to a decision he could not resolve to move. To all appearance he is likely to live and die in the sphere of usefulness which he fills so admirably; and who shall say that he is not to be envied, although few of us would have the courage to change places with him?

A NORTH-COUNTRY ELECTION.

THE East Cumberland election of last week has, apart from its political significance, an interest of its own which deserves to be recognized. It is refreshing in these dull, languid days to find so much public feeling and spirit as appears to have been shown by both parties in the contest. A notion has been spreading in recent years that there is no great difference between one party and another, and that it matters very little which candidate is returned, as long as he is respectable and not too crotchety. It is evident, however, that the Cumberland people still cling to the idea that there is a real difference in principle between Liberalism and Conservatism, and that a good deal depends upon which side a constituency throws its influence in choosing a representative. We are not now going to discuss which side had the best of the argument on this occasion. What gives this contest a distinctive character is the thoroughness with which the electors seem to have interested themselves in it, as if they felt that there was a vital question at issue, which it was worth while to take some trouble about. There has been, says the *Carlisle Journal*, an amount of speech-making on both sides quite unprecedented in the history of the constituency; scarcely a day passed without meetings being held by one side or the other. On the day of election the constituency was polled in a most exhaustive manner. About half of the whole body of voters had given their votes before noon, and by three o'clock the polling was virtually over. Altogether, of 7,323 electors on the register, 5,722 exercised their franchise, which, allowing for dead men and duplicate entries, is a very creditable proportion. Forty-five votes were lost because the voters had either not marked their papers at all, or not marked them properly. In one case the intelligent elector had simply written "yellow" on the back of his ballot-paper. Some alarm, which was shared by both sides, was caused by a decision of the High Sheriff that the whole of the votes in one of the polling divisions must be struck off, as the papers had been improperly marked by the Returning Officer's agent with the elector's number on the register as well as with the progressive number corresponding to that on the counterfoil. One hundred and eighty votes were thus affected, and neither party knew on which side the loss would fall. Happily, it turned out that they were equally divided between both, so that the cancelled votes had thus conveniently paired off. It would certainly have been very hard if so large a number of voters had been excluded from no fault of their own, but in consequence of a blunder on the part of one of the Returning Officer's subordinates. The Conservatives seem to have had the advantage over the Liberals in vehicles, for the latter had only 150 against the other side's 200. Each party issued a circular among its friends asking them to give notice at the nearest Committee-room of their having polled; but the Conservative card appears to have been drawn up in a disingenuous manner, so as to convey the idea that, if any other name than that of Sir R. Musgrave (the Conservative candidate) were marked, "the vote would not be counted." What should, of course, have been stated was that such a vote would not be counted to Sir R. Musgrave, but to the other candidate. It is satisfactory to observe that, though party feeling ran high and intense interest was taken in the contest, the polling was everywhere conducted in a very quiet and orderly manner. Formerly the throwing of bags of flour was a regular part of the entertainment, but this time the practice was given up, and there was, we are assured, "a marked absence of any attempt to disturb the peace and good humour of the people." There can be no doubt that the secrecy with which votes are given under the Ballot tends, for the moment at least, to allay excitement, because there is nothing to be excited about. The race is going on, but out of sight, and the sense of a neck and neck competition is therefore lost. On the other hand, what is to be feared in such a case is an outbreak of violent disappointment when the figures are announced.

One feature of this election was the large display of party colours among the ladies of the district, which the haberdashers seem to have found very profitable. A return of the local sale of blue and yellow silk respectively while the contest was going on might be very instructive in its bearing on the question of woman's suffrage. At one place there was "a contingent of young ladies from Netherby, gaily decked in yellow ribbons and daffodils," and no doubt many "blue-eyed maids of Cumberland" were equally demonstrative on the other side. Indeed, we are sorry to hear that at Alston "enthu-

siastic female Blues pulled down all the yellow placards." However it was not only the shopkeepers who profited by the general enthusiasm; for it must, we imagine, have been advantageous to the community at large. Life in the country is apt to be so dull and monotonous that some occasional stimulus of this kind is required to prevent stagnation. The meetings which were being constantly held must have been a source of much interest and amusement to the people who attended them. It would be ridiculous to pretend that there was any great power of eloquence, in its higher sense, displayed on either side; but still the speeches were of a rattling spirited kind which could hardly fail to act as a useful tonic. Indeed, as the chairman of one of the Liberal meetings graphically remarked, "they were all as lively as a cow's tail in fly time." One of the chief promoters of this liveliness appears to have been Sir Wilfrid Lawson. When he at first came forward to support the Liberal candidate his intervention was regarded on that side with alarm, if not dismay; while the Conservatives could scarcely disguise the hopes which they based on the discredit which would thus be fastened on their opponents. It was soon perceived, however, that in Sir Wilfrid's case a want of logic on one point was more than counterbalanced by genial manliness and sense of humour. It is an old controversy both among philosophers and lawyers whether a man who is mad on one point must necessarily be regarded as mad all round; but Sir W. Lawson's case seems to support the theory that a casual eccentricity may be overlooked in one who is in other respects sound and sensible. Sir Wilfrid is of course, like other people in a free country, entitled to his own opinion as to the evil of intemperance, and the proper way of dealing with it; but when he proposes to solve a difficult problem by allowing every little borough or parish to make its own laws, regardless, or it may be in open defiance, of the general sentiment of the nation, he is flying in the face, not only of common sense, but of his own views on other subjects. For instance, he is apparently opposed to a standing army—or at least to an efficient one—to the Established Church, and to other institutions as to the advantages of which his countrymen are tolerably unanimous. But he does not venture to ask that the question of tolerating the existence of the Church or of contributing to the cost of the army and navy should be left to every borough and parish to settle for itself according to its own limited lights. If Sir Wilfrid were consistent, he would feel that his support of the Permissive Bill committed him to the absurd principle that Great Britain should cease to be a nation under common laws and a supreme constitution, and should become a mere fortuitous combination of obscure and insignificant atoms, left at the mercy of local ignorance and caprice. A man who really held such an opinion as a fundamental and essential part of his political creed would certainly be out of place in the midst of a party calling itself Liberal. It has been the good fortune of this country to have its affairs regulated by the general balance of public opinion throughout the land, and not by the crochets of local cliques and sects; yet Sir W. Lawson and his friends wish to insert the wedge which would make ruin of the system that has made England not only great, but stable. A charitable view of Sir Wilfrid would, however, lean to the conclusion that, after all, his delusion is due only to his want of logic. Pope once described a complex character as—

A very heathen in the carnal part,
And yet a sad, good Christian at the heart.

And a similar distinction may perhaps be drawn between Sir W. Lawson's extravagance on one particular question and his general acuteness and common sense.

One of Sir W. Lawson's hits would seem to have derived its force from the position taken up by the orators on the other side. When answering the argument that Sir R. Musgrave must be the best man because he was born a Tory, he remarked that, if mankind had always remained as they were born, we should still be naked savages. There must be some progress in the world, and the weakness of the Conservative cause in this instance is that people like Sir R. Musgrave and Mr. Cavendish Bentinck pride themselves on being as ignorant and blind as to the actual condition and wants of society at the present day as their grandfathers. An important speaker on this side asserted that the child of an agricultural labourer received as good an education in being set to work in the fields as if sent to school. On the whole, it will be seen that the Conservative party was unfortunately represented, so that it showed its weakest instead of its strongest side. It is needless to say that the talk was not always kept up to a high level. One of the questions which obtained a large share of attention at this election was whether Mr. Stafford Howard, the Liberal candidate, was old enough for the House of Commons. It appears that he is twenty-five years old, while Sir R. Musgrave is thirty-eight. One of Mr. Howard's relatives and chief supporters appealed to what he called his "scholastic career," and another friend laid down the rule, on the authority of Professor Christison, that the brain-power of a man, if he had any, manifested itself before twenty-five. Mr. Howard and his friends also indulged in the use of the Cumbrian dialect, which was apparently foreign to their opponents, who therefore denounced it as vulgar. Still, the main question as to whether the administration of the country is at present being conducted in a proper spirit was not neglected. Whatever conclusion may be come to on that point, it must at least be admitted that it is a good thing that constituencies should apply themselves seriously to consider such questions, and should feel that the issue is of great importance. The loss which the Conservatives have sustained in East Cumber-

land may be a small matter in itself; but then there are other constituencies which may possibly catch the same earnest and searching spirit. The value of a popular election lies not merely in its result as far as one candidate or another is concerned, but in the enlightening effects of free and outspoken discussion.

THE "YANKEE EMPEROR."

THE Special Correspondents who have attended the Prince of Wales in India have not presented to the world an edifying spectacle, and if we comment on the absurdities of the American press in reference to the "Yankee Emperor," as they call him, Dom Pedro, we may be justly told that our own newspapers are equally extravagant. The real authors, whoever they may be, of the Royal Titles Act will be gratified to learn that the title of "Emperor" is so popular in America that the *New York Herald* declares that the United States are "an imperial soil where all are emperors." It is odd, if this be so, that so much fuss should be made about one particular specimen of the class; but if the readers of the *Herald* like to be told that Dom Pedro said they belong to an energetic people who may be allowed to be a little rough, it would be unkind to grudge them such a cheap and harmless gratification. We should ourselves think a visit to Chicago not particularly exhilarating, and the perusal of a description of an Emperor's visit to Chicago would have seemed to us one of the mildest forms of literary excitement. It was remarked in an unenlightened age that kings could do little to cause or cure the sorrows of humanity. But our age has discovered that emperors can be made the source of a whole nation's pleasure. In travelling to Chicago Dom Pedro was astonished to find the land so level. Owing to heavy rain, much of the low-lying fields was under water, and the aspect of the country was cold and cheerless, more especially to the Imperial party "arriving from the tropics," where we should think they might advantageously have stayed. It is perhaps the penalty of greatness that Chicago must be visited in April, and there is some compensation in a pressure of engagements which limited the stay there to two hours. Although the country was flat, wet, and dreary, the Emperor was favourably impressed by the comfort and well-being that met him on every side. Approaching the "Garden City," the general feeling, which we must confess we should have shared, was that its chief interest lay in the fact of its having been burned down and rebuilt. Along the line the frequent occurrence of splendid public buildings, in situations where they could scarcely have been expected, excited the visitors' admiration.

We cannot help thinking that the Emperor of Brazil in the United States, like the Seyyid of Zanzibar among ourselves, is an instrument on which clever people play their own tune. That potentate was replete with sentiments suitable for the annual meeting of a Missionary Society; and Dom Pedro says, or is said to say, the very things which an "enterprising people" like to hear. The splendid school-houses were especially admired, and "the Visconde de Bom Retiro declared they were educational palaces," which will be, no doubt, a great satisfaction to those who paid for them. Perhaps we might, if we tried, get an illustrious visitor to say as much for those School Board schools which adorn London, and afflict its ratepayers. To call Chicago, or any other newly-built town, a "Garden City," would be, we might think, a questionable compliment; but, if Dom Pedro has a taste for that kind of thing, he might see around London many acres of "residential mansions" which have grown as rapidly as short-lived plants. We have got Tyburnia, and we might perhaps get an emperor to look at it, and the *Daily Telegraph* would report, with embellishment, his remarks. Small growing towns thickly scattered along a line of railway may also be seen in England, and one of them is much like another. The waterworks of Chicago are probably worthy of the admiration ascribed to the Emperor, and it may be hoped that they will suffice to prevent a second conflagration. Dom Pedro was pleased to say that Chicago is a fine city, and a crowd of citizens which collected at the railway station made "quite a favourable impression" on the Imperial party. The Visconde de Bom Retiro declared that he did not know any city of Europe that could compare "for the general high character of its architecture" with Chicago. We do not know whether this nobleman was selected for his extensive travels, his taste in architecture, or his command of language and feature, as companion to the Emperor; but he is a good man all round for the place. Americans may expect an additional zest in European travel now that they are assured that it will teach them to admire more intelligently "the great commercial centre" of their own West. It appears that Dom Pedro is travelling by train to California, and the reporter who transmits to us his remarks cannot help allowing his Majesty to confess that the journey is rather dull. The history of the rise of the town of Corry interested him specially, although all that we hear of this history is that in nine years it has grown up from nothing to be a flourishing city of eight thousand souls, with many imposing public buildings. As Dom Pedro travelled he must have become aware that towns like Corry rise in exactly the same way *ad infinitum* in the United States. There is indeed one redeeming feature in these new towns, that they cannot have any excuse for holding centennial celebrations. When there is nothing to look at from the train the travellers begin to talk, and the reporter asks how the Emperor enjoyed himself in New York. The Emperor answers, "Very much. I went to a primary school.

The system is admirable. Afterwards I visited the Normal School, and heard selections by the pupils. Very good." Afterwards there is a comparison between New York and London, which the reporter handsomely allows to have been advantageous to the latter. We may perhaps venture to say that the amusements which our capital offers to foreign visitors are about as lively as visits to normal schools and hearing "selections" by pupils. Sovereigns nowadays are expected to take interest in what reporters call the "educational institutions" of a people, but they might, if they pleased, stop short of saying that they enjoyed all they saw and heard. The water-works and the grain elevators of Chicago, and the smelting-works of Omaha, may excite and repay intelligent curiosity; and the spectacle of continuous progress and unbroken prosperity must be, in general, deeply impressive; but when it comes to details, the imposing public buildings, and the exercises at the High Schools, as well as the scenery along the line, appear monotonous. If the Emperor had been taken to hear a "crooked whisky case" in the District Court at Chicago, he might have gained some notion how "palaces" are sometimes built and lived in by "energetic" people.

By an extension of the Monroe doctrine Yankee-land stands for North America, and even for America in general, and so it is perhaps right to call Dom Pedro the "Yankee Emperor." The *New York Herald*, having got an Emperor, naturally makes the most of him, just as vulgar people are likely to do with an Empress here. The reporter delights to write, as his public like to read, about "our Imperial visitor," and although Dom Pedro chooses to be spoken to as "Sir," he cannot help being spoken of by the biggest words that can be made available. He stayed at New York at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, and he left the Empress there during his visit to California. His presence at this hotel had "a magnetic effect on the public," and "the most favoured patron" could only obtain storage for his luggage and the promise of a bed in the parlour. We perhaps do Americans injustice in thinking that they attain heights of flunkeyism beyond our reach, and if an Emperor could be got to stay at an hotel in London we are not sure that the price of beds might not be raised, and a profit—in some cases greatly needed—be thus secured to the proprietors. But still the idea strikes us as new and droll that even Republicans should be willing to accept a shake-down in a parlour for the sake of sleeping under the same roof with Majesty. One does this sort of thing willingly at hotels which are desirable head-quarters for excursions among lakes or mountains, or when a town is filled to overflowing by some interesting event. But there are plenty of hotels in New York where a room could probably have been procured for less money than was paid for a bed in the parlour, or, to speak accurately, the promise of a bed in the parlour, at the Fifth Avenue Hotel. The *New York Herald* represents that type of vulgarity which is not ashamed to own itself, and it is profitable reading, because we have on this side of the ocean the same fault, but not quite the same candour. When the "Imperial party" has started, the reporter becomes indignant at the "roughs" who crowd upon it whenever the train stops. He seems to forget that these "roughs" only follow the example of their betters. If they were rich, they would take beds at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, or as near thereto as possible, and stare at the "Imperial party" without trouble or scruple of any kind. One of these "roughs," after carefully examining the Emperor, remarked that after all he was only a man, and the managers of the railway were perhaps under the same impression when they kept him waiting three-quarters of an hour before starting the train. The inventor of the saying that punctuality is the politeness of princes did not perhaps contemplate that the politeness would be all on one side. Happily on the line to the "Pacific Slope," with its one train per day, punctuality is not of so much importance as at Mugby Junction. But it seems that the habit of unpunctual starting described by earlier travellers in America still prevails. A steamer was announced to start at 2 P.M. An intending passenger having heard what was the usual practice, asked whether 3 P.M. would not be soon enough to come on board. The captain answered, "If you want to go with us, sir, you'll be on board by 2 P.M." The passenger took the warning, but at 3 P.M. and long afterwards the steamer was lying apparently immovable at the wharf. The manners and speech of Dom Pedro have intensely delighted the reporter, and, no doubt, his readers also; and, on the principle of promoting the greatest happiness of the greatest number, a few emperors and empresses ought to be kept on, simply that people in general may have something to talk about. It may not be pleasant to be an emperor any more than it is pleasant to be a lion at the Zoological Gardens, but if there were no wild beasts in cages there could be no satisfactory holiday on Easter Monday. There are still, we believe, some Republicans in England, although they keep themselves tolerably dark. When next they appear on any platform they should be invited to explain the general interest and pleasure excited by the arrival of an Emperor and Empress at New York. The Emperor departed almost immediately, but he must return, and there is a Municipal Committee, certain as quarter-day and inexorable as fate, waiting to conduct him to such of the public institutions of New York as he may be pleased to visit, and especially those connected with education and with scientific and literary pursuits, to which, "amid the graver cares of State," he is known to have directed assiduous attention. Emperors and working-men are the only classes of society that are conventionally supposed to be incapable of frivolous amusement. In the middle classes a little beer and skittles or its

equivalent is sometimes allowed. But the emperor in his palace, or the mechanic at his Institute, never goes lower than astronomy or universal history. An American deputation could not avoid comparing "popular institutions" and "paternal government" in their effects; but it is easy in addressing an emperor to assume that both come to the same thing, and the emperor can politely concur in this agreeable and comprehensive estimate of the future of mankind.

THE RAILWAY CLOAK-ROOM.

A FEW years ago a question arose as to the effect of certain conditions printed on a ticket issued by a Railway Company to a passenger for his journey from London to Paris. The Court before which this question came felt itself bound by authority to hold that when a man takes a ticket, with conditions on it, he must be presumed to know the contents of it, and must be bound by them. It was admitted to be harsh to hold a man liable by the terms which might be inserted in small print upon a ticket which he only gets at the last moment after he has paid his money, and when he is hustled out of the place at which he stands to get his ticket by the next comer, and moreover when he believes that he has made a contract binding the Company to take him, subject to the ordinary conditions of the general contract, to the place to which he desires to be conveyed. But still the law was assumed to be thus settled.

Last year, however, a Scotch case came before the House of Lords in which the opportunity was taken to apply a more rational principle to this class of cases. The passenger in that case took a steamboat ticket, having on the face of it only the words "Dublin to Whitehaven," and on the back of it a notice that the Company incurred no liability for loss, injury, or delay to the passenger or his luggage. The passenger stated that he had never looked at the ticket nor seen the notice on the back of it, no one having directed his attention to either. It was held that the passenger was not bound by the notice. The contract was complete upon the face of it, and the passenger, receiving the ticket in that form, without knowing of anything beyond, must be taken to have made a contract according to that which was expressed and shown to him. The Lord Chancellor described himself as asking with some anxiety what was the authority for the proposition that a member of the public was to be supposed to have contracted as alleged by the Company in that case. He considered that no satisfactory authority was shown, and, he said, "it is a question simply of common sense." Can it be held that when a person is entering into a contract containing terms which *de facto* he does not know, and as to which he has received no notice, he ought to inform himself upon them? It seemed impossible to hold this. Lord Chelmsford, like the Lord Chancellor, was anxious to be referred to the authorities; but none were produced establishing that presumption of assent is sufficient. Assent, he said, is a question of evidence, and the assent must be given before the completion of the contract. The Company undertakes to carry passengers for a certain sum. The moment the money for the passage is paid and accepted the obligation to convey arises. It does not require the exchange of a ticket for the passage-money, the ticket being only a voucher that the money has been paid. Or, if a ticket is necessary to bind the Company, the moment it is delivered the contract is completed, before the passenger has had an opportunity of reading the ticket, much more the endorsement. "It may be a question whether, if a passenger were to read the endorsement, and decline to agree to the terms, the Company could refuse to take him as a passenger." This question of Lord Chelmsford deserves attention. He was dealing with the particular case of a Steamship Company; but we may apply what he said also to Railway Companies. You cannot, if you would, obtain a ticket until shortly before the train starts, and several persons besides yourself are eager to be served. It is practically impossible to read and consider, much more to discuss, conditions, whether printed on the face or on the back of a ticket. Your choice is that or nothing. We assume that, as regards Railway Companies, the Legislature has limited their power to impose conditions as to passengers' luggage; but we have mentioned a case in which a condition was imposed, and the judge, who held himself bound to give effect to it, nevertheless expressed clearly his opinion that the passenger was allowed no option in the matter. We all know from our own experience that this judge was right. Such conditions, if any, as are proper to be imposed on passengers ought to be settled by some general authority and conspicuously exhibited. A little of the space devoted to celebrating the virtues of pills and pickles might advantageously be used to inform passengers of what they ought to know. "A ticket," said Lord Hatherley, in the Scotch case, "is in reality nothing more than a receipt for the money which has been paid." It would be well, we think, that a ticket should be nothing more.

This Scotch case has been followed lately in the Common Pleas Division at Westminster on a question as to passenger's luggage left at a railway station and lost. It is usual, as we all know, to receive luggage at what is called a "cloak-room," giving a ticket for it and charging 2d. for keeping it. This business, be it observed, is separate from the carrying business of the railways, and the Companies, so far as we know, might impose any conditions they please upon those who deposit luggage with them, provided

they make a clear agreement. The ticket in the case lately decided had on it the words "See Back," and on the back was a notice that the Company would not be liable for lost property beyond the value of 10*l*. Now, if the clerk who received the money and delivered the ticket had stated to the depositor that which was printed on the back of the ticket, and he, understanding the condition, had deposited his property, he would have been bound by it. In this case the primary object of the ticket appears to be to ensure delivery of the article to the right person. The depositor might think that all he had to do was to get the ticket and put it safely into his pocket, and if so, he might be excused for not noticing the words "See Back" upon it; and accordingly the jury found that he did not notice the words, and that he was not guilty of negligence in not noticing them. Thus the case was thought to come within the principle established in the House of Lords. A contract of "bailment," as the law calls it, was completed in ordinary terms unless it could be made out that the bailor had entered into any special contract.

The conclusion arrived at in this case is opposed to that of the same Court in a similar case decided fourteen years ago. In that case a lady deposited a bag, containing wearing apparel and jewelry of the value of 20*l*., at the cloak-room of the South-Eastern Railway Company at London Bridge station, receiving for it a ticket and paying 2*d*. There was printed on the back of the ticket a notice that "The Company will not be responsible for any package exceeding the value of 10*l*." The lady applied for her bag on the evening of the day on which she deposited it, but the bag was not forthcoming, having been delivered by mistake to a wrong person. The Company afterwards obtained it and forwarded it to the lady, but, on examination, a great part of the jewelry it had contained was missing. It appeared in evidence that there was a large placard posted up in the cloak-room containing a printed notice similar to that on the back of the ticket which the lady had received; but she stated that she did not see this notice, and she was not examined as to whether she had read the notice on the back of the ticket. The Court under these circumstances held that "the plaintiff must be considered to have known the terms imposed by the defendants in accordance with this notice, and to have conformed to them." The defendants having used all reasonable means to give knowledge to the depositors, and amongst them to the plaintiff, of the terms on which they received deposits, and the plaintiff, knowing that there were special terms, and what they were, or having the means of knowing what they were, chose, said the Court, to make the deposit. It will be observed that, even if the plaintiff had stated that she had not read the notice on the back of the ticket, the decision would have been the same, for the Court said that she either knew or had the means of knowing the terms of deposit. "In a contract of bailment the bailee may impose whatever terms he chooses, if he gives notice of them and the bailor has the means of knowing them, and if he then chooses to make the bailment he is bound by them." We are quoting from the judgment of Lord Chief Justice Erle, who further said that this was not a carrier's contract, and the defendants were at liberty to make any contract they pleased, and the reasonableness of the terms would be an irrelevant inquiry. But, he added, "Considering the nature of the accommodation, the condition appears to me very reasonable." Three other judges concurred in this judgment, and it is interesting to note the various reasons which they gave. One of them remarked that the plaintiff in her evidence did not deny that she did read the terms, or that she knew they were there. Another judge would have wished that the notice had been on the face rather than on the back of the ticket. But, said he, "a person could hardly put it into his pocket or take it out of his pocket without seeing that there was printing upon it." That being so, and it being plainly expressed, there was such an implied assent as would constitute a contract. This judge also thought that the limitation of liability was reasonable.

In the recent case the same Company were defendants, and they no doubt think it hard that, although they have adopted the additional precaution of printing "See Back" upon their tickets, their liability is now greater than it was. The plaintiff stated in his evidence that he looked upon the ticket as a mere receipt, and that he knew nothing of its contents; and the jury found that this was true, and further that the plaintiff had not been guilty of any negligence in being unaware of the contents of the ticket or the existence of a placard containing the same notice. There is, indeed, this difference between the two cases, that in the former the plaintiff was not asked whether she had read the notice, whereas in the latter the plaintiff stated that he had not read it. One of the judges in the former case expressed the opinion that the plaintiff really had read the notice, and that her counsel at the trial had relied on a view of the law which the Court overruled. But, be this as it may, the Court dealt with the supposition that she had not read the notice; for the judges said that she either knew or had the means of knowing the terms of the deposit. It is perhaps another aspect of the same change of public feeling which makes Mr. Disraeli Premier that judges now demand less intelligence and activity of mind from travellers than they used to do. "Rest and be stupid" might be taken as the motto of our age. How can an officer in a marching regiment be expected to look at the back of a ticket which he takes for a voyage across the Irish Channel? How can any gentleman be expected to look at the back of a ticket which he takes at a cloak-room for a portmanteau? It is true that fourteen years ago a lady was expected to do this; but ladies, as a rule, if not more intelligent, are more curious than

gentlemen. We are reminded of one of Dickens's characters who declared with much disgust that he had something better to do than thinking. Nobody now can be expected to waste his time in reading the back of any ticket which he gets at a railway station, even if the ticket has "See Back" upon the face of it. The Court in this case, as in many others, made convenient use of the jury, who had found that the plaintiff was not negligent in not knowing the terms of deposit. In the former case the Court, being both judges and jurymen, held that the plaintiff either knew or ought to have known the terms. The moral of the recent decision is that reading is a dangerous accomplishment which had better be forgotten when we enter a railway station. Where ignorance gets damages 'tis folly to be wise. If you cannot keep your eyes and mind inactive, look out among the advertisements for the particular quack medicine most suitable to your complaint.

The decision of the House of Lords has, we think, been generally approved. Railway and Steamboat Companies had gone so far in imposing conditions on travellers who had no option as to accepting them that it became necessary, as Lord Chief Justice Erle was fond of saying, "to have recourse to common sense." But the application of this principle to the cloak-room at a railway station demands consideration, because the liability, whatever it may be, which the Company incurs by keeping such a room, is not a liability as carriers. It may be conceded that under Sir William Erle's presidency the Court of Common Pleas was generally averse to enlarging the responsibility of Railway Companies, and in many respects the advance made since that time has been improvement. We decidedly think that the conditions which Railway and Steamboat Companies may impose on passengers should be regulated by statute, and that it is absurd to suppose that a passenger in the hurry of departure can exercise an intelligent judgment in the matter. Nor would it be unreasonable to make some general regulations as to cloak-rooms.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

II.

PURSUING the practice of previous years, we shall attempt to give an analysis of the contents of the Exhibition according to the subjects. We will begin with those exceptional pictures, now happily on the increase, which, without being precisely ideal, are something more than real—pictures which after some sort embody noble thought, and show man in his higher aspects, whether it be man individually as seen in biography, or collectively as portrayed in history. In judging of the merits of this class of art it may be well to remember the conditions to which it has to conform. All writers are agreed that a certain remove from common nature is imperative, and yet so close must each figure be to nature, that the painter abandons at his peril the living model even for a moment. We fancy that in the present day there is not an artist of mark who would venture to paint without the life, though it used to be said of Overbeck that he trusted to his inward sense. Certain corollaries follow almost as a matter of course. The drapery can scarcely be that of the cottage, and yet seldom quite that of the forum; the chiaroscuro is all the better when removed a little from the light of common day; as for chronology, it is well when the mind can be thrown from the immediate present into the middle or remote distances of time. Some of our English painters have of late adopted so imaginative a mood that the present Exhibition serves to confirm these fundamental principles.

Mr. Armitage, in the undraped, life-size figure of Phryne (909), challenges comparison with the greatest of Grecian artists. Apelles, in his most famous picture, the "Venus Anadyomene," is said to have taken Phryne as his model; and Praxiteles, it is supposed, in the Cnidian Venus, copied from the same original. It is probable, for more reasons than one, that the Greek picture and statue—both destroyed—were nude, as is the picture before us. The replica of the Venus of Cnidos in the Vatican has been in modern times half draped in bronze, a proceeding which we have never heard spoken of otherwise than with contempt and reprobation. Mr. Armitage has not been oblivious of ancient precedent. Phryne is on the seashore; her draperies are at her feet; she is preparing for a plunge into the blue waves. The style is something more than modern; on the other hand, it cannot be accused of the soft modelling of flesh which distinguished Praxiteles. As to Apelles, Reynolds conjectured that in his master-works, did they exist, "we should find the figures as correctly drawn as in the Laocoon, and probably coloured like Titian." This "Phryne" is better drawn than coloured. The picture is one of the very few which come up to the high and austere standard of Continental schools. To an inferior order belongs an undraped girl, "After the Dance" (927), by Mr. Alma-Tadema.

"Atalanta's Race" (943), by Mr. Poynter, A.R.A., is the most uncompromising adaptation from antique sculpture and Renaissance painting that we have seen for many a day. The well-known story has been closely followed. Atalanta, finding her father's behest of marriage distasteful, made it a condition, being swift of foot, that her suitors should compete with her in public race; those that failed were to be killed, and only he who outsped her should wed her. After many had perished, there came forward at last Meilanion, favoured by Venus with three golden apples. During the course he dropped them one after another, and Atalanta, being charmed by their beauty, could not refrain from stopping to pick them up. This is the moment chosen; Atalanta,

by no means graceful, is in the act of bending to the ground, while Meilanion in hot pursuit is within a figure's length of his prize. Mr. Poynter has arranged his composition into three parts, distinct, yet connected in action. On the left is a group of eager spectators come to witness the contest. It is scarcely an accusation to say that by far the best figure has been taken from Michael Angelo's roof of the Sistine. The centre of the composition is occupied by as masterly a figure as was ever seen in an English Academy—that of Meilanion; rapid movement animates every limb, and possesses indeed the whole torso. Moreover, as is always found in the best antique sculpture—and the figure has much that is sculptural—this athlete, when thrown into rapid and headlong motion, preserves a perfect equilibrium; the lines and proportions fall into almost geometric symmetry; and so completely is the figure under the control of volition, that even in this last extremity of strife there seems the possibility of repose. This was a governing principle of the Greeks. Yet our English Academician can scarcely take full credit for absolute creation. There is at least one figure in the Elgin frieze, there are sundry running or dancing figures in Italian museums, also figures of Athletes and Discoboli from which he may have compiled—we do not say copied. Mr. Poynter, it must be admitted, has so well assimilated his materials as to make them here in the aggregate his own. Atalanta, the third and most important member in the composition, is a breakdown in more senses than one. She stoops to pick up the golden apple—a most difficult attitude—and it has been justly observed that, were she to rise, she would knock her head through the gold frame of the picture; yet the same objection might be urged against "The Death of Procris," by Piero di Cosimo, in the National Gallery. But, in an art point of view, a more unpardonable fault is that the figure becomes a confused heap of anatomies and draperies, that all breadth in masses, all distinctive emphasis in line, are absolutely lost. Strange also to say, calculated by historic styles, not less than twenty centuries intervene between the suitor and his captive, although they are within less than ten seconds of each other; in other words, the picture passes within the space of a few square feet from the age of Phidias to the eighteenth century of Italy and France. Thus from what has been said it will appear that three distinct epochs are brought together—the Greek, or Græco-Roman, the Italian Renaissance, and the Modern. It must be confessed that the problem to be solved was most difficult; and it must also be admitted that the work, whatever may be its mistakes, does honour to the English school. Some few pseudo-classic compositions may be briefly noticed, such as "The Nursling of the Muse," a repulsive abortion by Mr. P. Cockerell (972), and "Pallas Athene and the Herdsman's Dogs" (496), by Briton Riviere, an utterly mistaken composition which may recall a criticism passed on a picture of Balaam, the Angel, and the Ass. The artist, it was remarked, was an angel when he painted the ass, and an ass when he painted the angel; and so here of Pallas Athene and the dogs. Mr. Harrison has endowed "Alecto" (447) with metallic wings evidently of Brummagem manufacture. The drawing of the figure, indeed the treatment of the whole picture, is direful.

It is always interesting to observe, either in England, France, Germany, or Italy, the attempts, mostly unsatisfactory, which are made in these modern times at religious art. The inspiring faith has departed, and yet faith is not always found to be in itself sufficient; take, for instance, Mr. Herbert's impotent figures "Judith" (578) and "Mary Magdalene" (584). Each stands at too great a distance from nature, and the vital principle of a sound mind in a sound body has been so completely set at nought that we are sure no Insurance Company in the world would take these lives at any premium. Besides, the religious sentiment here and elsewhere becomes a negation; all that is positive has been eliminated, so that the personality left is little more than passivity verging on nonentity. Mr. Goodall has sometimes erred in this direction, yet "The Holy Mother" (182) will be generally accepted as a reverential embodiment of religious thought. But the Infant—by far the better part of the group—might equally well serve for a secular composition. The colour, though pure, is over-pale; the general style is that of the popular but passionless Sassoferrato. Mr. Long's enticing Pool of "Bethesda" (891) may be assigned to the school of Guido, or of a later decadence. The composition is so little of a sacred character, that it might almost be mistaken for a mutual consent to commit suicide by drowning. It is true that the principal figure, a mother with a child in her arms, turns up her eyes; but so did the mother in the Niobe group. By far the finest study is that of an old woman lying on her back, seen at an angle of sharp foreshortening. The identical subject has been treated in quite an opposite spirit by Mr. Robert Bateman (30); here we have not only the Pool, not only the awaiting sick, but a full-winged angel stepping down marble stairs to move the waters. The suspicion will be that the artist has looked over-much at German engravings from Düsseldorf, though we do not happen to recall among them this special subject. The lack of colour and decisive chiaroscuro would also tend to the same conclusion. The painter has, however, well thought out his subject, and the execution, without ostentation, serves simply to give expression to the idea.

Sir John Gilbert brings us to history in "Richard II. Resigning the Crown to Bolingbroke" (165). The crown is handed across a small central table with due solemnity, and a bishop and ministers of state stand in solemn waiting. The composition is deliberately symmetric; the colour, as is habitual with this master, is deep and

golden. "Crusaders," a medley (139) by the same artist, recalls the colour and the impetuous action of Rubens in the famous battle on a bridge in Munich; but it does not remind us of the studious design and accurate drawing of Da Vinci in "The Battle of the Standard." Mr. Hart, we presume, must take rank among historic painters, inasmuch as he depicts the children of Charles I. with their caretakers at "Dinner-time at Penshurst in the year 1655" (153). The performance lies rather beyond the reach of criticism. Artists have been known to mingle with the crowd in order to profit by the observations passed upon their works. Mr. Hart should be cautioned against an ordeal which might prove painful. Though we see him here in his most serious mood, he provokes amusement; a lady was heard to exclaim as her eye caught one of the Royal children, "O that hideous little object!"

"The genre of history," though a term more French than English, is usefully applied to certain picturesque byplays, wherein humanity is somewhat merged in draperies and accessories. Mrs. E. M. Ward's "Newgate, date 1818" (120), affords a favourable example of the style. Mrs. Elizabeth Fry is here seen in one of her visits to Newgate prison; the gaolers have opened the door, which reveals a crowd "of half-naked women struggling together for front situations with the utmost vociferation." The biographer, who was an eye-witness, adds that "she felt as if she were going into a den of wild beasts." Mrs. Fry, as we were accustomed to see her some fifteen years later, stands calm; she ever possessed her soul in peace. But the picture lacks somewhat of the supreme dignity and command which doubtless were a secret of her power in the conflict with evil. It may be objected also that the Quaker greys are a little gay. The works of Mr. Alma-Tadema this year deal less with man than with realistic accessories. Mr. E. M. Ward has certainly not changed his style for the better since the time when he raised himself to the dignity of an historic painter by scenes from the sufferings of Marie Antoinette. Certainly the picture now before us, "A Year after the Battle" (239), is little else than picturesque genre. In the same category must be placed Mr. Gow's animated scene, "The Relief of Leyden" (381). The figures are eminently life-like, as if depicted on the spot by an actual spectator; but somehow the art is comparable, not with a page from history, but with a paragraph from "Our Own Correspondent."

The speakers at the annual dinner on Saturday last threw out some scattered comments on the Exhibition which are worth recording. The President stated that the works sent in this year reached the unprecedented number of 5,025. "We could," he continued, "hang only 1,500"; that is, not quite one picture for every three tendered. This painful state of things, fraught with disappointment to more than three thousand artists and their friends, does not, we are sorry to say, admit of easy remedy. The existing walls cannot with advantage be more crowded than they are; and to add to the present suite of rooms is all but a structural impossibility. Moreover, the outside public feel that ten galleries and a lecture-room all devoted to pictures, together with three halls dedicated to sculpture, already sufficiently tax their time and strength. Also, it is not unreasonably thought that 1,500 works constitute a tolerably fair representation of the talent and produce of the year; and it certainly is to be feared that, if numbers are augmented, the standard of merit will be deteriorated. Much, however, depends on fairness of selection, and the charge has long been made that interest prevails over merit. One inference to be drawn from the ever-growing multitude of supplicants knocking at the door for entrance is that the power and importance of the Academy are year by year increasing, and this condition of things becomes all the more remarkable when we consider the constant multiplication of what might be deemed competing exhibitions. The Academy gathers strength by windfalls, such as legacies; thus, during the present year there accrues the bequest under Chantrey's will, estimated at an annual sum of 3,000*l.*, to be expended in the purchase of "works of fine art of the highest merit in painting and sculpture." The President's comment thereon is significant of the monetary relationships subsisting between artists and dealers. "The Council," said Sir Francis Grant, "had hoped to purchase some pictures out of the Exhibition, but they found to their regret that the dealers had been beforehand, and had already secured every picture which they thought worthy of purchase." This does not open a hopeful prospect of the early commencement of "a national collection of British art." The speeches at the dinner were not without gist. Sir James Paget contrived to give freshness and meaning to the threadbare duality of "Science and Art." Men of science and men of art, he observed, "study nature from different and distant points of view, yet both may gather and display the evidences of the same truth; for surely the principle of beauty which the artist seeks, and the principle of order which the man of science searches out, are alike the issue of divine law maintaining all things in mutual fitness." To these aphoristic words may be added Mr. Disraeli's glowing prophecy of immortality for British artists. The Premier claimed pre-eminently for the English school "originality"; "and where there is originality there will be immortality. The sap always rises, the spirit always is present."

THE TWO THOUSAND GUINEAS.

THE two-year-old running of 1875 was so contradictory that, of by far the larger proportion of the candidates for Two Thousand honours, it might have been said a few days ago that

one was pretty nearly as good as another. The best performers of the season were either not entered for the great three-year-old race at Newmarket, or were placed *hors de combat* by some unfortunate casualty. The names of Skylark, the Mineral colt, Farnese, and Springfield are missing from the list of nominations, and Petrarch, who won the Middle Park Plate with unparalleled ease, met with some accident which caused his preparation to be interrupted at a critical moment. Even had Farnese been entered, his infirmity, which steadily increases with age, would have effectually prevented him from winning; but the presence of Skylark and the Mineral colt would have relieved the first of the great three-year-old races of the year from any appearance of mediocrity. If we look at the antecedents of the fourteen competitors who came to the post on Wednesday last, we shall find that, as far as the majority of them were concerned, and of course excluding Petrarch, the most natural course for a person in search of the winner would have been to put their names in a hat, and depend on the first he might happen to draw out. There were Lord Falmouth's pair, Great Tom and Fetterlock. Last year the former ran once, and was beaten by Twine the Plaiden, and this year he has run once also, and has been beaten by Wild Tommy. The latter appeared in public on six occasions last season, but was only successful once. He was beaten by Kaleidoscope, Twine the Plaiden, and other horses; but in his solitary winning race he managed to beat Wild Tommy. On this running he would be superior to his stable companion Great Tom. But, despite the defeat of the latter the week before last, the stable continued to repose the utmost confidence in him, and averred that the Two Thousand would show the Biennial to have been all wrong. Nine times out of ten, when a horse is beaten he is beaten on his merits, and his subsequent performances fail to justify the excuses which are often improvised in explanation of his failure. Then we come to the French pair, Camembert and M. de Fligny. The two-year-old running of the former was so indifferent that he may be passed over without further comment; but the latter earned some sort of reputation as a sound honest horse who was thought capable of making improvement. Though he was only successful in three out of eleven races, his three victories were gained over fair performers, such as Retrospect, Bay Wyndham, Rosinante, and Hellenist; and when he was beaten he was beaten in good company by Skylark, Lady Mostyn, and on three occasions by Farnese. In the autumn he went off, and in the Middle Park Plate, where however he had the full penalty to carry, he was never conspicuous; but, on the whole, he had a wear-and-tear appearance which gave his friends a certain amount of confidence in the prospects of his three-year-old career. Rosinante, a roarer, and Rascal, who ran five times without attracting the notice of the judge, may be passed over, while we take note of the doings of Kaleidoscope. This son of Speculum was a very uncertain horse last year, and had he not won his last engagement at Newmarket against a good field he would hardly have been promoted to the position he has occupied among the Two Thousand favourites. He was nowhere in the Middle Park Plate; he was beaten by Brigg Boy in a match at even weights; he was beaten in the Troy Stakes at Stockbridge by Retrospect and Hellenist as well as by the winner Margarita, and in the Woodcote Stakes at Epsom by Bay Wyndham, Father Claret, and Charon. On the other hand, he defeated Red Cross Knight, Levant, and Hellenist at Sandown Park, and the first named of this trio, as well as Fetterlock, Julius Caesar, and Father Claret in the Prendergast Stakes at Newmarket; but it must be observed that on this occasion the moderate daughter of Scottish Chief and Gong got within half a length of him. Undoubtedly a horse with a fine turn of speed, but with questionable staying powers, the son of Speculum had, in our opinion, small public credentials to justify his being placed above the ruck of the Two Thousand candidates. King Death won two races out of seven, but beat nothing of importance save Red Cross Knight. Coltness jumped into fame by winning the New Stakes at Ascot against a field which afterwards was shown to be of indifferent quality, but he positively declined to repeat the performance on any future occasion. At the Craven Meeting this year he was reported to be much improved, and his looks were certainly in his favour; but he failed to make even the show of a fight against Great Tom and Wild Tommy. Julius Caesar was another hero of a solitary victory in 1875, but Charon won three out of seven races, and twice defeated Julius Caesar, besides disposing of Father Claret and Bella. Father Claret himself, to make confusion still more confounded, beat Kaleidoscope at Stockbridge; and thus, in the case of at least a moiety of the Two Thousand runners, it would seem hopeless, on their two-year-old running, to give the preference to one over another.

Finally, there was Petrarch, whose running could not be in and out, for the simple reason that he only appeared in public on one occasion last season. That single engagement, the Middle Park Plate, he carried off in a style that has never been surpassed; and though, just as one swallow does not make a summer, so one race is not always a sufficient test of the real merits of a racehorse, yet what he had to do no horse that ever was foaled could have done better. Looking, too, at the history of the Middle Park Plate, we find that it has hardly ever been won save by a horse of distinguished ability; and, looking at the appearance of Petrarch, at his breeding, and at the racing powers of most of the progeny of Laura, it was only reasonable to assume that he was the best of his year, and to uphold him as such till the time came when

he should prove himself undeserving of his position. The public certainly were prepared to trust implicitly to Petrarch as their representative in the great three-year-old races, but the news of his sale shook their confidence. There is always a prejudice against horses which are sold out of a stable shortly before a great race, and we think in the majority of cases the prejudice is just. It is felt that an owner of racehorses who has for years aimed at the highest prizes of the Turf would not be likely to let the chance slip out of his fingers just when his prospects were most promising. It is felt also that the buying and selling of horses is very often a conflict of shrewd wits, and that the seller generally knows more than the buyer. The price paid for Petrarch was so enormous—ten thousand guineas, we believe—as to be considered in itself a high testimony to his merits; but then, on the other hand, high-priced horses have often signally failed to return their purchase-money to their new owners. Kangaroo was sold for twelve thousand guineas, and never won a race afterwards; and many similar instances will readily recur to the recollection of racing-men. Certainly, from the moment it was known that Petrarch had changed hands, his position was shaken in the market; and even had all gone well with him, it is probable that he would never have firmly re-established himself in public favour until he had carried his new colours to victory. But things did not go well with the son of Lord Clifden and Laura. Only a few weeks ago he was stopped in his work for several days by an accident, and, according to all precedent, a preparation thus suddenly interrupted within a month of a big race could not under any circumstances be successfully completed. His stable companion Kaleidoscope, whose speed it was thought would enable him to get home first in a moderate field, speedily supplanted him in the market, and, though the supporters of Petrarch still clung to him for the Derby, his chance for the Two Thousand was abandoned as hopeless. In the Craven week Petrarch and Kaleidoscope were galloped together, and the result was to extinguish the last gleam of hope that the former could be got ready by the Two Thousand Day. It came to this, that his name was included among the doubtful starters; and when at length it was known that he was going to run, it was understood that he was only going to compete for the sake of some bets that had been laid as to his starting, and an almost unknown jockey was selected to ride him. Thus up to the very last moment Petrarch remained disregarded, while the battle for favouritism was carried on between Great Tom, despite his Biennial disaster, Kaleidoscope, Charon, Julius Caesar, and Glacis, the last-named being pushed to the front on the principle, we suppose, that a very moderate horse is worth supporting in a very moderate field.

Whether the luxurious innovations of grand stands, refreshment-rooms, and the like, now in progress at Newmarket, will work a change in those good old simple virtues of punctuality and precision for which the famous Heath has been so renowned, we know not; but certain it is that last Wednesday there was an unwonted delay in weighing out and despatching to the post the fourteen runners. It was nearly fifteen minutes after the appointed time when they formally came under the control of the starter, and then the fractiousness of Glacis still further delayed the commencement of the race. When the flag did fall no complaint could be urged against the fairness of the start, and indeed on the Newmarket course there can be no excuse for those irregularities to which we are accustomed at other places. As soon as they had fairly got into their stride Camembert rushed to the front to make the running for his stable companion M. de Fligny, and he managed to maintain his lead for nearly half a mile. But after the first half-mile the race was over; for directly Petrarch was allowed to take the lead, he took it with such effect as never to suffer any of his antagonists to approach him. He never had to be ridden, for nothing ever got near enough to challenge him; but, pursuing the even tenor of his way, he sailed along down the Abingdon hill, and reached the winning-post, without having once been called upon, three lengths in advance of Julius Caesar. So evident was it to the jockeys engaged in the race that Petrarch had it at his mercy at any point, that probably few of them seriously persevered after a certain point. We think, however, that Julius Caesar was entitled on his merits to second honours, though some were of opinion that, if Petrarch had been out of the way, Kaleidoscope might have won. Yet the latter was ridden rather hard at the finish, but failed to get within two lengths of Julius Caesar, who justified the assertions of his trainer that he would show himself a greatly improved horse. Close up with Kaleidoscope were a cluster, including Coltness, Great Tom, M. de Fligny, and Fetterlock, every one of the quartet being as good as the other, as might have been expected from their inability to get out of one another's way last year. The result of the race shows that Petrarch has preserved the superiority over the horses of his year which he manifested in his solitary race in 1875, that Julius Caesar has made some advance, and that the rest are very much where they were before. Of course the ridiculously easy victory of Petrarch excited some feelings of astonishment. We are not thinking of the average spectators, who invariably discover the good points of the winner, when he has won, and who, after Petrarch returned to the birdcage, were positively lost in admiration at his magnificent appearance. We are thinking rather of those more intimately connected with the horse, who have been concerned with him either as owners or trainers, or lately as residents in Newmarket, with opportunities of seeing him from day to day, and who of course would not have allowed him to be

knocked about in the market and made the sport of the bookmakers unless they had despaired of his success. They must have been astounded at finding how utterly unfounded were their fears, and possibly they felt a little ashamed—if indeed racing-men ever do feel ashamed at anything—at the pusillanimity with which they threw overboard a horse who bids fair to earn a name second to few of the greatest celebrities that have ever trod the Turf. Such persons may plead that Petrarch had been stopped in his work, and was manifestly not wound up to what is considered a high point of preparation. But some horses run much better when they are on the big side than when they are worked up to the trainer's pitch of condition. Of course races have been lost through want of condition, but a far greater number have been lost through over-training. When Petrarch won the Middle Park Plate he was decidedly backward. Last Wednesday he was decidedly backward, and won the Two Thousand in a common canter. His owner and trainer will do well to bear this in mind. They have got a horse who can run away from the best form of the year when but half prepared. Let them be satisfied with the knowledge, and not strive to make assurance doubly sure by training Petrarch as fine as a greyhound, so that he may win the Derby by six lengths instead of three. Otherwise they may defeat their own object and lose the Derby altogether. There have appeared of late months in the pages of a popular magazine some reminiscences of a racing-man of the old school, and an excellent judge of horses and the proper method to treat them, Mr. Thomas Coleman. That veteran trainer narrates how often in his experience good horses have been spoiled and their chance of winning great races altogether thrown away through overwork and over-much trying. Lord George Bentinck was a great offender in this way. Strong work and constant sweatings were his one idea of preparing his horses for their engagements; and in their trials no task he could set them was hard enough for him. Then, if they accomplished what was asked of them, it seemed almost too good to be true, and he would try them over again to see whether there had not been some mistake; so that by the time the day of the race came they would be stale and done up. This evil example has been extensively followed in our own days, to the ruin of many a gallant horse, and the disappointment of his owner. The occasional victories of a horse like Petrarch, who had been indulged in his work before both the races in which he has taken part, may serve to show the impolicy of exhausting a horse's strength in preparation for a race, instead of reserving the full display of his powers for the race itself.

REVIEWS.

LORD ALBEMARLE'S REMINISCENCES.*

NO attempt has as yet been made to establish a copyright in witticisms; but every man has a moral claim to a "good thing" first said or told by himself. Lord Albemarle is therefore fully justified in repeating once more an excellent though now time-honoured jest, of which he was the original victim, although "it has several times found its way into print," the last who quotes it being "Charles Greville, and he had it from George Villiers, afterwards Lord Clarendon, who had it from me." Lord Albemarle, at that time Mr. Keppel, had recently published an account of his overland journey from India to Russia, of which he had presented a copy to Lord Wellesley, under whom, as viceroy of Ireland, he was then serving as aide-de-camp. The publisher of the book had induced the author to re-christen it as the "Personal Narrative" of his travels, and it was to the adjective "personal" that Lord Wellesley insisted on objecting. At dinner he sarcastically inquired from Lord Plunket what was his definition of "personal," to which the Chief Justice replied, "My Lord, we lawyers always consider *personal* as opposed to *real*." To the reminiscences before us Lord Albemarle has preferred to give a title on which it would be difficult to be witty or even censorious, since it would be worse than ungrateful to cavil at the circumstance that his record of fifty years of his own life is preceded by a sketch of the life of his house during the course of something like seven centuries. But, leaving this Introduction aside for the present, we may add that Lord Plunket's witticism would have been as stingless, if applied to these personal reminiscences, had they presented themselves to the public under that title, as it doubtless was to the record of Mr. Keppel's overland journey. We have never read any autobiographical memoirs with a better claim to be called both "personal" and "real," so long as those adjectives may be used as implying nothing more than a vivacity which never gives offence, and a truthfulness which is never dull. In a word, this *Fifty Years of My Life* is a thoroughly delightful book of its kind; and, if we were desirous of finding fault with it, we should have to take refuge in its misprints, which we cheerfully leave unenumerated.

Among the evils to which the family motto of the house of Keppel urges its members not to give way, that of inaction must assuredly have always seemed to them especially repellent. For the younger son of a great Whig family, and for an absolutely beardless ensign who had obtained his commission early in the year 1815, the prospects of an active life might not have seemed very hopeful; but fortune did something for the boy who had just

"broken bounds" at Westminster School, and his own energy did the rest. On the day on which George Keppel precipitately left a school furnishing no sufficient opening for his talents (he had scaled the wall of his boarding-house once too often, and his father had been recommended to choose for him a profession "in which physical rather than mental exertion would be a requisite"), Napoleon entered Paris on his return from Elba. Hardly, therefore, had the lad received his commission, and consoled himself with the consciousness of it for having been told by his mother at an evening-party at Lansdowne House to "run away" for cakes into the tea-room, than he was ordered to join his regiment in Flanders. With his regiment—humorously called "Calvert's Entire," from its colonel being brother to a brewer of fame, and the regiment being in possession of its full complement of battalions, after the disbandment of one of which its *sobriquet* was exchanged for "Calvert's All Butt"—he served through the Waterloo campaign. In the battle he carried one of the colours in rotation with two or three of his comrades, the "boys" being encouraged by a colour-sergeant of the name of Moore, after the following judicious fashion:—"Now you see," said he, "the enemy always makes a point of aiming at the colours, so if anything should happen to either of you two young gentlemen, I ups with your colour and defends it with my life." Soon afterwards poor Sergeant Moore was carried off the field; but Ensign Keppel came out of the battle without having suffered any worse casualty than the following, which, though it seems already to have been told in print, shall be given in his own words:—

We were now ordered to lie down. Our square, hardly large enough to hold us when standing upright, was too small for us in a recumbent position. Our men lay packed together like herrings in a barrel. Not finding a vacant spot, I seated myself on a drum. Behind me was the Colonel's charger, which, with his head pressed against mine, was muzzling my epaulette; while I patted his cheek. Suddenly my drum capsize and I was thrown prostrate, with the feeling of a blow on the right cheek. I put my hand to my head, thinking half my face was shot away, but the skin was not even abraded. A piece of shell had struck the horse on the nose, exactly between my hand and my head, and killed him instantly. The blow I received was from the embossed crown on the horse's bit.

"The very young battalion of the 17th," to which Mr. Keppel belonged, received special mention in the Order of the General of its Division for having displayed at Waterloo "a gallantry and steadiness becoming veteran troops"; but on its return to England, in January 1816, it was disbanded, Mr. Keppel being thus saved from the fate of the troops embarked in its stead for Ireland in the *Sea Horse*, which, together with two other transports, was lost off Kinsale. Lord Albemarle mentions that, "beyond a short paragraph in the papers, no public notice was taken of the catastrophe," but that among the officers it was argued that

With the return of peace, soldiers had become a drug in the market, while freight was a costly commodity; that hence our rulers were much disposed to accept the lowest tender for tonnage without examining too closely into the seaworthiness of the ships engaged, and that consequently vessels unfit to carry coals from Newcastle to London were taken up to convey troops to all parts of the world. Nor was the demeanour of the skippers of these transports reassuring; they were generally men of very little education. Their dialect showed that they belonged to the "black country," and though they seemed to have a practical knowledge of the soundings in the Channel, it was a question whether, to many of them, the use of a Hadley's quadrant was not an unknown science. It was frequently my lot, as a subaltern, to sail in one of these coal-tubs; and often in a gale of wind I have fervently wished that the craft in which I was a passenger might prove a better swimmer than the *Sea Horse*.

Being "out of the break" Mr. George Keppel was ordered with a detachment of his regiment to the Ionian Islands; but neither there nor at Mauritius, whither, having been subsequently appointed to an ensigncy in another regiment, and narrowly escaped the charge of a batch of convicts to Botany Bay, Mr. Keppel was next ordered, was there much chance of opportunities for distinction. The young officer, however, kept his eyes open, and his account of the condition of things in Mauritius (of which he frankly confesses he had never heard the name till ordered to form part of its garrison), during a period of peculiar interest for the history of its peculiar institution, is as curious as it is brief. After this his next experience of military duty proper was in Calcutta, where he was at once appointed aide-de-camp by Lord Hastings, a post which he likewise filled under that governor-general's temporary successor. Hereupon, amateur theatricals and jackal-hunting having alike ceased to charm, he set out upon the overland journey home which made his literary reputation, but deprived him of the chances of active service which opened after his departure with the Burmese war. After his return home he was gazetted to a captaincy in the 62nd regiment, and, with characteristic energy, set himself to acquiring the new system of drill then in course of introduction into the army. With equally characteristic sincerity he avows that he had the advantage over his superiors of having "very little to unlearn":—

To me Torrens' "Field Exercises" were a pleasing novelty, and not the least agreeable days that I spent at this period of my military career were those passed in the "Sixty Acres," as our soldiers used to call the drill-ground in the Phoenix Park.

This enthusiasm was however cooled by a change of colonels; and the personal staff of the Lord-Lieutenant soon supplied the desired refuge. Mr. Keppel's literary reputation afterwards moved the Duke of Wellington to promote him to a majority with convenient promptitude; but, as it was unattached, Lord Albemarle, though he is now a full general, considers this appointment to have virtually put an end to his military career. He was thus obliged to indulge his military tendencies as a student and observer only, in the former capacity attending the Royal Military College at

* *Fifty Years of My Life*. By George Thomas, Earl of Albemarle. 2 vols. London: Macmillan & Co. 1876.

Sandhurst, in the latter paying a visit to Turkey in 1829 at a momentous crisis in the history of that empire. As to Mr. Keppel's acquirements in tactical science, we must refer the reader to his narrative of his interview with the Grand Vizier, Mohammed Redschid Pasha, who plainly informed a roomful of *meeralis* and *binbashees* that this young officer knew more of their profession than all of them put together. To judge from the accounts of the Turkish army recently published in the *Allgemeine Zeitung*, the Grand Vizier's summary of the Turkish military system is not yet out of date:—

It is not the fault of the Osmanli soldier, for he is brave enough, but of these ignorant fellows, that he is not oftener successful in the field.

Mr. Keppel's suggestions on the subject of military tactics probably failed to impress Redschid Pasha as permanently as did those offered by Herr von Moltke a few years afterwards; but the family promptitude of the young British officer is as undeniable as the sagacity with which he formed an opinion concerning the possibilities of progress in Turkey which, as he justly remarks, is more generally held nowadays than it was half a century ago.

The roll of Mr. Keppel's Parliamentary services is not less brief than that of his military services; though here again, on the occasion of his first appearance as a candidate, he displayed that boldness which is apt to command success, by following the advice of a member of the new Whig Government, to "shy his hat into the ring, and see what will come of it." Lord Albemarle's Parliamentary reminiscences are, however, neither numerous nor important; his politics came to him in his cradle, or at all events from the arm-chair in which Mr. Fox, then in his last days, played trap-ball with the youthful scions of the houses of Keppel and Russell. Nothing could be pleasanter than Lord Albemarle's anecdotes of a man who must have been the most lovable of all our political worthies—unless it be the account of a visit paid in 1838 by the author of these memoirs, the Duke of Bedford, and others to Mr. Fox's widow:—

We experienced a most cordial reception. Our hostess, who lived very nearly a century, was in her ninety-third year, but still hale and handsome. She insisted upon showing us all over the house herself, pointing, among other things, to the tiny table on which Mr. Fox wrote his "James II." We all underwent a close scrutiny. When she came to George Byng she said musingly, "Ay, good-looking enough, but not so handsome as old George," meaning Byng's uncle and namesake, who represented Middlesex in her husband's lifetime. I reminded Mrs. Fox of my games of trap-ball with the statesman. She well remembered the circumstance, and explained that when the swelling of Mr. Fox's legs prevented him from walking, she used to encourage him to play this game with children as a means of taking exercise; "but," added she, "he required no encouragement from me, for you know, my dear, how fond he was of you all." I now learned that the Duke of Bedford was another of the boys with whom Fox had been in the habit of playing trap-ball.

We spoiled our dinners by a sumptuous luncheon. A profusion of costly wines was placed on the table. The butler, nearly as old as his mistress, kept constantly filling her glass. "If you don't take care," said the Duke of Bedford to him, "you will make the old lady quite tipsy." "And what if I do?" was the reply; "she can never be so in better company." Turning round to the old man, the Duke inquired whether there were many Tories in the neighbourhood. "Please your Grace," was the reply, "we're eat up with them."

Something besides the spirit of Whiggism, and something besides the humour of the man who "considered alcohol the test of excellence" in wine, had lingered round his home. The test of geniality is the capacity of enjoying life in many and various forms, and of keeping a serene mind as well as a brave heart. Such fruits will ripen even under as cold a shade as that in which Fox so long lived and in which the present Lord Albemarle grew up.

It is true that the sunshine of royalty, though not until a late period derived from the central sun itself, never altogether ceased to illuminate the career of the author of these memoirs. Indeed those of his reminiscences which bear upon his connexion with royalty seem to us the most interesting part of this interesting book. George III. was, as a matter of course, no friend to the house of Keppel. Indeed, according to one of its family traditions, it was a paroxysm of rejoicing at having prevented a transfer of property which Admiral Keppel desired to make to the Duke of Cumberland which constituted the first symptoms of the poor King's subsequent insanity. And already in 1780 His Majesty was believed to have intervened in a Windsor election in which the Admiral was a candidate by canvassing in person on the side of his adversary, and entering the shop of a Keppelite tradesman with the muttered words—"The Queen wants a gown—wants a gown. No Keppel—no Keppel." Concerning the next generation of the Royal Family Lord Albemarle's impressions necessarily differ very widely. The kindly, but, if anything, over-punctual, Duke of Sussex he long attended as Equerry; he was constantly at the Court of King William IV., under whom the fourth Lord of Albemarle was Master of the Horse, thus acting an official part in the famous drama of the drive to the House of Lords; and his last Court service was as Groom-in-Waiting to Queen Victoria. In contrast to the regard and loyalty which Lord Albemarle expresses for these exalted personages are the sentiments which he clearly entertained, but wisely refrains from expressing at unnecessary length, in reference to the Prince Regent, afterwards George IV. Unfortunately, he had at a very early period of his life, when a schoolboy at Westminster, gained too close an insight into the Prince's domestic affairs to be able to retain any doubts about them. He was the schoolboy friend and playfellow of Princess Charlotte, to whom his maternal grandmother, the Dowager Lady de Clifford, was governess till driven from her post

by an outrageous breach of confidence on the part of the Prince. His father became Mrs. Fitzherbert's trustee for the custody of the documents relating to her marriage; and such of these as still exist Lord Albemarle's brother continues to hold in trust as his father's executor. And in his official position as Equerry to the Duke of Sussex, it was Mr. Keppel's fate to attend a great part of the trial of Queen Caroline, and to keep a watchful eye on much of the secret history of that shameful episode. But when we spoke of the attractiveness of Lord Albemarle's reminiscences of royalty, it was only one personage of royal birth that we had in mind. The Princess Charlotte of these memoirs is the figure which makes them both more personal and more real than any other—a sketch as brimful of life and nature as (*sic venia*) Sir Joshua's Miss Prue herself, with not even the dog missing. We will not mar its completeness by reproducing any fragments of it; but, lest the above comparison should mislead, we may add that no more pathetic and touching tribute has ever been paid to this true-hearted princess than the faithful record of what she was in the eyes of a simple schoolboy, and remains in his memory after more than half a century has passed away.

In his preface Lord Albemarle informs the reader that the present volumes are simply the result of a number of notes jotted down by the author after he had reached the age of seventy, to which time he had thought it safe to defer the beginning of his autobiographical labours. Such being the case, we must congratulate Lord Albemarle on two things. First, if born a Keppel and a Whig, he was also born an admirable teller of good things. Or, if this last gift be due to art as well as nature, its secret is not the less valuable because it admits of analysis. In a good story nine points are made by the way in which the tenth is prepared, nothing being left for addition or explanation afterwards. Lord Albemarle tells his stories one and all after this fashion; and the result is that none of them lose in his hands, whether they be soldiers' stories or sailors', anecdotes of princes and princesses, or reminiscences of the delights of private theatricals, or of the horrors of Westminster School. To have seen much is something, and to have observed it is more; but the freshness of Lord Albemarle's memory is not more striking than the straightforward simplicity of his style, so that he is as entertaining in print as he appears to have been *vis à vis* when his and Lady Dufferin's gaiety caused Theodore Hook to string fifty or sixty lines on the theme:—

If any one here is stupid and prosy,
He has only to look at Nelly and Cosy.

Secondly, Lord Albemarle has provided his autobiography with an introduction which not only itself in a way leads up to and prepares for much of what is to follow, but is worth reading on its own account. The annals of the Keppels of Guelderland, which trace the fortunes of the house up to the knightly line of Van Keppel in the county of Zutphen in the twelfth century, have been put together with sufficient care and spirit. The fuller narrative of the fortunes of the house of Keppel in England has many interesting points, less perhaps in the pages referring to the "boezem vriend" of King William III. and the Duke of Marlborough than in those treating of the second and third Earls. From the papers of the former we here find some noteworthy letters of the ferocious General Hawley, mildly described by Horace Walpole as "clever, with a bias to the brutal," and some curious correspondence with the Pelham brothers, including a letter from the Duke of Newcastle which is chiefly occupied with the merits of a French cook, and ends not less characteristically, "All your secret service [as ambassador at Paris] is paid. The King should know a little to whom." But the historical glories of the house of Keppel culminate in the third Earl, favoured, like his predecessor, with the friendship of the Duke of Cumberland, and in his even more famous brother the Admiral, who shared with him and a third brother the chief glory (and the chief profit) of the capture of Havannah. The nation ran wild with rejoicings at this exploit, although Horace Walpole opined that "a Spartan countess would not have had the confidence of my Lady Albemarle without at least one of her sons being knocked on the head." "The Admiral" seems to have remained the historical hero of the family; but it is with a still more natural pride that Lord Albemarle reminds his readers that, if "in the last century 'Little Keppel' was the idol of the navy. . . in these days we have a 'Little Keppel' who is on tolerably good terms with all hands." These introductory records conclude with a singularly frank statement of the motives which led the three famous brothers at an advanced period of life to "toss up which of them should marry"—the result being that the toss was won by the eldest, who died two years afterwards, leaving behind him a son and successor four months old. Warned perhaps by this example of the family spirit, the fourth Earl, when twenty years of age, married a bride of sixteen, in whose descendants we trust may long survive one of the most vigorous growths ever domesticated on English soil and associated with the memories of our later history.

FROM THE HEBRIDES TO THE HIMALAYAS.*

THERE is no conceivable reason why such distant regions should have been connected in these volumes, except that their

* *From the Hebrides to the Himalayas. A Sketch of Eighteen Months' Wanderings in Western Isles and Eastern Highlands.* By Constance F. Gordon Cumming. 2 vols. London: Sampson Low, Marston, & Co. 1876.

names both begin with the letter H. The population, manners, climate, customs, are utterly dissimilar. It is not necessary to see the Cuchullins in order to appreciate the Himalayas; nor is there any reason why a journey to Calcutta should be preceded by a trip to Skye. It is true that the author makes a series of violent efforts to connect the Eastern Highlands with the Western Isles. Celtic legends are with her irresistibly suggestive of Oriental superstitions; and descriptions of scenery, by no means badly done, are followed by a great deal of borrowed erudition, or, if not borrowed, certainly not at first hand. For instance, the triple peaks of Ben Cruachan, near Oban, furnish material for a dissertation on the Hindu *Trimurti*, or Triad of Deities, and for references to the Sanchi Tope; a serpent mound in the same neighbourhood, of which there is an excellent engraving, leads to a dissertation on snakes for twelve or fourteen pages, ranging from the Bible to Macedonia, Congo, and Cashmere; midges recall a vision of Zeus, the disperser of flies; the tale of an old poacher in Skye sends the author to the Mahabharata in quest of a parallel; and from the recital of a quaint custom of "Burning the Clavie," which, by the way, exists not in the Hebrides at all but on the shores of the Moray Firth, is made the excuse for a laboured description of sun-worship, extending from Mexico to the Garo Hills in Eastern Bengal, and from St. Bridget of Kildare to Mount Abo in Rajpootana. This sort of thing, resumed at intervals over three hundred and seventy pages, becomes rather tiresome. If there are similarities to be found in the habits of remote and unconnected tribes and nations, if coincidences in surviving customs tend to throw light on the migrations, birth-places, and starting-points of the various races of the earth, such dissertations would be far better in the form of a learned or a scientific treatise. A work like Mr. Tylor's, or Sir H. Maine's, prepares the reader for extensive inquiry and cautious deduction.

A book of travels through regions abounding in picturesque scenery excites hopes of a different kind. Nor should we be disposed to find fault with explanations of local antiquities, if only they were apposite, correct, and of moderate length. But in these volumes there is enough of Orientalism to swamp half a dozen of the lesser Hebrides, while readers who wish to know something about South Uist or Benbecula may be irritated by a surfeit of scraps of Oriental learning on which it would be unsafe for beginners to rely. One statement, for instance, is made two or three times over, so that it cannot be a mere slip. Throughout Hindostan, Miss Gordon Cumming tells us, "the serpent is adored as one of the *Gram Deotas* or corn-gods, to whom special sacrifices are made at seed-time and harvest." That there are local deities with shrines all over India, at which the agriculturist performs his devotions, is perfectly true. *Devata* or *Deota* is a god. But *gram* unluckily means "village" and not "corn." The author, no doubt, has heard the word *gram* constantly used in Indian society, but it denotes the Cicer aretinum, or chick-pea, habitually given to horses, instead of or mixed with oats. The word in this sense, however, is a hybrid, neither English nor Oriental. We should, too, like to know the authority for the statement that "high-class Brahmins will eat wild boars to any extent." There are certain low castes, *Kaoras* and others, who will eat the domestic pig, and a sportsman has no difficulty in disposing of the carcasses of half a dozen wild hogs slain in a morning's hunting; but certainly the majority of Hindus of the better castes will not look at a dish of this animal. The account of the Holi, a well-known Hindu carnival during which natives throw red powder at each other, is evidently confounded with the Churruk Pooja, or swinging festival, in regard to which latter it may be said that people "erect a sort of May-pole, and dance round it." The Persian festival of the New Year should be the Nau-ruz, and not the Naurutz; and the *Lat* or Monolith, which is to be seen at Poori on the shores of the Bay of Bengal, is in front of, and not inside, the Temple of Jagannath. Similar pillars, it is well known, are to be met in the Fort at Allahabad and under the shadow of the Kootub Minar at Delhi. But had the Orissa *Lat* been within the temple, no *Mlechha*, or outside and profane barbarian, could have had a sight of it. The word *Vetal* or *Betal* is used as if it were the name of some Oriental demon, instead of the Sanskrit word for devil. Every subaltern harassed with examinations while he aims at being adjutant or interpreter of a native regiment knows but too well the Hindu tale of the *Betal-Pachisi*, or "twenty-five stories of a demon." It is scarcely possible that these errors can be due to the failure of the author to correct and revise the proof sheets. But they are more excusable than unnecessary dissertations which spring from a suggestive memory and the practice of discursive reading. Nor is the combination of Asiatic researches and "auld wives' tales" the only fault we have to find with the book. Even the accounts of the Hebrides are not at first hand. It was too stormy for the yacht to traverse the sixty miles that separate Harris from St. Kilda, but that does not hinder the insertion of an account of this rocky islet, with its primitive population supported by exports of feathers and oil. While the materials for this sketch are supplied by Dr. Macculloch and an older traveller named Martin, the accounts of other islands are taken from a series of papers in the *Leisure Hour* for 1865. The author is candid enough to admit her indebtedness to these sources, but it is obvious that the life and spirit of personal adventure must be altogether absent from a narrative so composed. We have once or twice lately had occasion to deprecate such uses of borrowed plumes.

This is the less excusable because Miss Gordon Cumming has shown that she can use pen and pencil most effectively, and

that she has the spirit of adventure and the readiness of resources and expedients which we might expect to find in a near relation of the lion-slayer of South Africa. The sketches of Hebridean rocks, lakes, and castles are excellent, and the descriptions of scenes familiar to readers only through the *Lord of the Isles* or the pages of Boswell are lively, faithful, and effective. The customs are so quaint, the civilization is so backward, the climate is so peculiar even for Scotland, that a good deal more might have been made out of a trip performed under such facilities. Even as it is, we are thankful for facts which are apt to escape notice, and for glimpses of places not often seen. Including Bute and Arran, these islands are 490 in number, 120 of which are inhabited. Round some the strong swell of the Atlantic sets in suddenly, in deep channels, making access difficult, or isolating chance tourists for hours and days. Others are connected by fords which can be easily traversed for a time by foot passengers. Vallay is connected with South Uist by an "unbroken beach of hard white sand for two miles." Four miles separate North Uist and Benbecula, made up of reefs of rocks and beds of seaweed, and marked out by beacons, many of which have been swept away. Benbecula, which sounds like a dactylic proper name taken from a mediæval Latin poet, is described as a dreary level of dark peat moss and sodden morass, interspersed with shallow lakes, and relieved by the ancient keep of Borve Castle. But South Uist, except in occasional sunshine, appears to distance all competitors in the race for dreariness and desolation; pitchy lakes, bogs and morasses, and mud huts with bulging walls and perforated roofs forming a picture which even Mayo or Galway could hardly parallel. Barra is a contrast, with its green hills, dark rocks, deep sandy bays, and good pasturage. And Bernera, six miles south of Barra, has a wonderful lighthouse erected on a rampart of granite, which can be seen, it is said, thirty-three miles off; and, lastly, there is Mingalay, rising a thousand feet from the sea, and white with myriads of sea fowl of every species. It may be easily conceived that the lives of the islanders are primitive, and that landholders of a practical and developing turn of mind find here very little scope for employment. The sea contributes quite as much as the land to the maintenance of the aborigines. Cockles and periwinkles and other shellfish are collected at low water in such abundance as to permit the export of twenty or thirty tons a week to London. Lobsters swarm, and oysters are, or were, found in numbers. Sea-fowl are killed, salted, and eaten, and their eggs are exported to Glasgow, not for human consumption, but to produce the peculiar glaze required in chintz manufacture. Trees are no more to be looked for than they were in the days of Dr. Johnson; but the Gulf Stream supplies what the soil will not rear; mahogany logs, masts of wrecked ships, carved wood, and even bamboos, are drifted right across the Atlantic into creeks and bays, where they are pounced on for firewood or even for building purposes. With these come such occasional godsend as bales of cotton and bags of coffee, and it is evident that the innovation of lighthouses is not looked on with unmixed satisfaction by these ill-provided islanders. Such scraps of information impart a value to the first of these volumes, and we could have welcomed more of them in preference to a chapter regarding the escape of Charles Edward. We admit, however, that the narrative of his adventures is brief and well put together. We may conclude our remarks on this part of the voyage by three observations which are not more disconnected than Miss Gordon Cumming's manner of treating her subject. First, we think that if Boswell may be thought somewhat of a toady, "his revered friend" is hardly to be hit off by the epithet "pomposus"; next, that the author does not seem very well acquainted with the charming Diary which Scott kept of his tour to the Orkneys and the Hebrides in company with the Commissioners of the Northern Lights, from which Lockhart quoted, though she once refers to it for a very trifling incident in the novelist's life; and, lastly, we appeal to all sportsmen whether it is correct to write of the "low whistle of the curlew." This bird surely utters either a scream or a cry rather than a "whistle," and its note is anything but "low." Certainly Scott himself, who had heard it hundreds of times, wrote in a celebrated passage, "Wild as the scream of the curlew, from crag to crag," &c.

We pass at a stretch from Skye to the Taj Mahal, and are glad that Miss Gordon Cumming has spared us such a worn-out theme as the Overland Route. It is difficult to make out how many months of the eighteen were devoted to the study of Indian life and antiquities, but certainly the author made good use of her time. She saw Agra, Delhi, and Benares; she was present at Lord Mayo's Umballa Durbar, of which she gives a very fair and truthful account; she spent three months in the interior of the Himalayas, taking Simla as her starting-point; and she managed to pay a visit to the sacred Hurdwar, or the Gate of Hari, where the Ganges debouches from the mountains on the plains. Now, though a good deal of this is well known, and though the combined magnificence and poverty of Eastern capitals have just been the theme of a dozen "special" pens, a lady of Miss Gordon Cumming's gifts could hardly see a Brahman at his prayers, up to his waist in the waters of the Ganges, or a corpse undergoing cremation, without recording something worth perusal. Generally speaking, we prefer her own experiences, especially when they are set off by a most artistic pencil, to the dissertations which she bases on the works of other authors, or for which she possibly picked up materials at the table of the Commissioner and the General commanding the division. But there are, as might be expected,

many positive errors, several odd misconceptions, and sundry confident utterances on questions which to this day would cause irreconcilable dissension in a whole circle of learned Pundits. We should not recommend candidates for the Indian Civil Service to place implicit confidence in the historical discovery that Akbar, the founder of Agra and the contemporary of our own Elizabeth, was fourth in descent from Mahomet, or that high-caste bearers instruct the *mehter*, or sweeper, in household duties, with a view to his becoming a bearer or valet in his turn. *Paijamnas*, or drawers, are the reverse of "tight," being loose, wide, and flowing. It will be news to many readers that the remarks of Hindus on paintings are "always intelligent and to the point," most Anglo-Indians having heard typical anecdotes of natives, when shown the winner of the Derby, gravely replying, "That, Saheb, is a *jahaz* (ship)." The sculptor of the tomb of the Begum Sumroo at Sirdhana was Tadolini, and not Adamo Tremolo; and the first-named artist used to exhibit some years ago a model of the tomb in his own studio at Rome. Sooray Khoond—it should be *Suraj*—is the spring or fount, and not "the mirror," of the sun. Simla, the Viceroy's shooting-box according to Lord Salisbury, was "invented," not by Lord Amherst, but by Lord William Bentinck. It is as startling to be told that white men and women in India are remarkable for "an extreme laxity of Sunday observance," as that the native "language contains no word equivalent for gratitude." We will undertake to adduce terms from Persian, and from the Hindi and other vernacular languages, to show that natives can express a virtue of which before, during, and after the Mutiny they have given most signal examples. *Khudron*, as applied to the resinous drops of the pine, can hardly mean "honey tears" in any native language. We take the term to be Persian, and to mean "wild" or "spontaneous," which is much more to the point. We are not quite sure about English ladies having to cover their heads with a shawl in the presence of the King of Delhi, nor is it necessary to imagine that a native with russet locks had dyed his glossy black hair. Occasionally high-caste natives and foreigners from Central Asia display red hair and fair complexions, and a Bengali Sudra with a red moustache, and even Albino children, have been seen and examined by competent and skilled officers in Lower Bengal. No native, we think, was ever known by the sweet and endearing appellation of Lullabhy. Probably Lalla or Lakshmi Bhair may have been meant. We recently had an animated description of the Prince of Wales, Jung Bahadur, and all the royal suite running away from a wild elephant, which was finally chased and caught by the tame animals. But what is this to the story of a gentleman who informed the author that a rogue elephant had pursued him "for several miles" as he was seated on his own elephant, but that it had eventually to beat a retreat when he struck some lucifer matches out of a box. We must protest also against the introduction of the story of a Brahmin, his goat, and three rogues, as new. Macaulay long ago headed his review of Mr. Montgomery's poems with this very old tale, and by it pointed his warning against pufflers of bad literature.

However, our criticism must not be one-sided, and we are glad to finish by drawing attention to some part of the second volume which are as good as the descriptions of Uist and Benbecula. There is one picture of a Himalayan sunset which is gorgeous and true, and another of an inundation which is not in excess of the truth. A Buddhist temple on the confines of Chinese Tartary is well described and illustrated; and Benares affords an opportunity for an exposition of the leading doctrines of the Brahmins and their rites, which has the merit of correctly compressing a great subject into a moderate space. Exceptions might no doubt be taken to some facts as questionable, or to some definitions as too narrow or too sweeping, but the leading points in the creed of that extraordinary aristocracy are correctly set down. Sir W. Jones, in his translation of Manu, made the curious blunder (for him) of translating the word *Grahman* by "Priest." Miss Gordon Cumming has at once apprehended the striking truth that the right of this caste to social predominance is founded on other considerations than religious teaching; that they enter various secular professions; that they claim to be lords temporal as well as spiritual over meaner Hindus; that their own divisions are infinite; and that a Sudra Raja owning ten thousand villages, or a banker who could lend the Government a million at a pinch, will bow down with reverence before the poor Brahmin whom he has just presented with a change of raiment and a bonus of five rupees. Such a dissertation at Benares is a fitting appendage to a lively picture of the Holy City with its bathers and its bulls; and, with this, we wish the author success in her present expedition to the Fiji Islands.

TAIT'S RECENT ADVANCES IN PHYSICAL SCIENCE.*

THIS volume of lectures might be truly, and yet not quite fairly, described as of a popular kind. The name of "popular science" is in itself a doubtful and somewhat invidious one, being commonly taken to mean the superficial exposition of results by a speaker or writer who himself understands them imperfectly, to the intent that his hearers or readers may be able to talk about them without understanding them at all. Professor Tait's teaching has nothing whatever in common with discourse of this kind. Indeed he not

only rebukes it by example, but once or twice goes out of his way to denounce it in terms with almost needless emphasis. Neither does he set himself to make science popular in a higher sense, as some of our leading workers have done and are doing, by investing it with the charms of literature while preserving scientific exactness, and thereby awakening and winning the interest and intelligence of educated people at large. These addresses were given for a special purpose, and to a special audience of persons who did not want to be attracted to learning, but had come asking for it. Yet they are, in virtue of that same purpose, given *ad populum*, not *ad clerum*; they were spoken, and are published, for the benefit, chiefly at least, of laymen. Their object is to give an account, free from minute and technical treatment, but precise as far as it goes, of the leading results of what may be specially called modern physical science, and the methods by which they have been reached. Any one who has even a moderate knowledge of the subject will be aware that this is a task which only a master-hand should attempt; and there will be little doubt, we think, among the few who are really entitled to pass judgment on the execution of it that, notwithstanding a certain roughness in form, due to the manner in which the work was produced, the master-hand is here apparent.

The central and dominant theme of the book is the modern doctrine of Energy, now for some time well established in knowledge, but only just taking its due place in the process of learning. Till within a very few years the recognition of it in the current text-books of mathematical physics was of the most meagre kind, partly because of the natural inertia of established methods of teaching—or let us for once enjoy the luxury of an obsolete and misleading form of speech and say *vis inertiae*—partly because new conceptions cannot at once be taken into elementary instruction, but must wait until the use of words has been made precise and adequate, which may be, and in this case has been, a rather long time. On this last point of the definition of the vocabulary, as distinct from the establishment of the facts on which the doctrine itself depends, we could wish that Professor Tait had found room to say somewhat more. The history and connexion of the discoveries are clearly given, but it is not shown when or by whom it was ascertained that these discoveries involved an extensive change in the current mode of approaching physical conceptions, and that all this time the books which follow the letter of Newton's words had been blind to the spirit of much of his work. For not the least interesting part of the earlier lectures of the series is that which tells us how very close Newton came to grasping the truth of the Conservation of Energy in its most general form, which he failed to do simply for lack of experimental knowledge which was not then to be had, and how free his own statements were from the weakness and confusion that crept into modern repetitions of them. However, we must be content as it is with noting the changes, at first sight almost startling, which have now, at any rate, been found to be wrought in the first notions of physics as formerly presented. Within the first twenty pages we are told that Energy has as much claim as Matter to be regarded as a really existing thing; while Force is merely a word which for the present affords us the means of describing events in which the real thing Energy is concerned in a more compendious way than we could otherwise do, but whose final resting-place will probably be the limbo "which has already received the Crystal Spheres of the Planets and the Four Elements," and other such matters.

The lecture goes on to describe the several steps by which the Conservation of Energy was established as a settled maxim of physics. He notices Rumford's observations on the conversion of work into heat by friction, which for a long time remained strangely neglected, the more definite experiments of Colding and Joule, and the theoretical argument of Helmholtz, which however rests, as Professor Tait points out, in one of its alternative forms on a hypothetical postulate about the constitution of matter—and to that extent, therefore, is purely speculative—and in the other on the experimental postulate of the impossibility of a perpetual motion, which has long since been inferred as a fact from the failure of all attempts to construct one. All these paths converge at last upon the general truth "that all physical phenomena" (including "everything which is really physical in life") "are necessarily transformations of energy of some kind or other"; where, it seems not superfluous to remark, *energy* is not a word taken at random from common usage, and used in its common sense, but is an exact term of physical science, and can be understood only by becoming familiar with its scientific use, and with the scientific bearing of the facts in whose description it is employed. The process is of course given in outline only; but any reader who can attentively follow it as here given will be enabled to perceive clearly that the Conservation of Energy is altogether a matter of physical experience, and that there is no sort of *a priori* road to it; a warning which appears to be needed by a considerable number of readers, and even by some philosophers. The special region in which the doctrine was first made certain is that of thermodynamics. We can barely glance at Professor Tait's lucid, though condensed, account of Carnot's discoveries in this quarter, and their various consequences, among which the most startling to a novice in such inquiries is perhaps the construction of an absolute scale of temperature—that is, a scale whose zero represents a total deprivation of heat; the absolute zero is found to be approximately 274° centigrade below the freezing point of water.

There goes along with the Conservation of Energy another no less important fact, which is often overlooked; this is the dissi-

* *Lectures on some Recent Advances in Physical Science.* By P. G. Tait, M.A., &c. London: Macmillan & Co. 1876.

pation, or, as Professor Tait prefers to call it, the degradation of energy. Energy is said to be more or less available according as it is more or less capable of being further transformed; in other words, as it is more or less fit to do useful work. Now, not only is the transformation of energy constantly going on, but, after every transformation, the energy is on the whole less available than it was before. "There is a tendency for the useful energy . . . to run down in the scale." Thus there is no limit to the possibility of turning work into heat; but we cannot reverse the process and turn back all the heat into work. Even with the best engine that is physically possible—much more with any that exists—about one-fourth at best of the heat employed is converted into useful work. The rest is sent out in the form of heat, but at a lower temperature, and is ultimately dispersed into space, whence, so far as we know, it cannot be recovered and restored to any higher form. The like results appear in other branches of physics, so that on the whole we find that energy is constantly being frittered down into less transformable modes, and (assuming the physical laws as now known to be constant in time and space) that all the energy in the universe will ultimately be frittered away into diffused heat, and the universe be reduced to an inert mass at a uniform temperature, out of which no more work can possibly be got, it being a necessary condition for getting any work whatever out of heat that there should be at least two bodies at different temperatures. Thus there is no escape from the conclusion that the physical constitution of the known universe, or of any given part of it, such as the solar system, is not stable or permanent.

A set of more detailed, though still of course approximate, results is obtained by a more particular application of the modern conceptions derived from the doctrine of Energy to the earth's history as a member of the solar system. This leads in part to a field of recent controversy upon which we cannot enter; but we must call special attention to the very clear and interesting exposition of the sources of terrestrial energy. We are constantly degrading energy which cannot be restored; converting energy of position into energy of motion, and energy of motion from higher to lower forms; work is frittered down into heat, and the heat ultimately scattered into cosmical space. Whence then does all the energy come which is thus used up? Animals are enabled to do work by taking in potential energy in food, and this is finally traceable to the stored-up energy of plants; and the plant nourishes itself by working up with other things the carbonic acid given out by animals, restoring to the air in the course of the process the oxygen that has been consumed by them:—

Now, it is quite obvious that if plants were not assisted by some external supply of energy, here would be something equivalent to the perpetual motion on the grandest conceivable scale. If the plant were capable, merely by its own peculiar organisation, of taking the ashes as it were of the fuel burnt in the animal engine, and working them up again into fit and proper food, without external assistance, then that process might go on indefinitely—the animal all the time, remember, giving out animal heat and doing muscular work.

This would be the perpetual motion on a scale never contemplated even by the perpetual motionists. It is obvious then that in order to escape from our difficulty—no less than a contradiction in terms of what we know to be a physical law—there must be some source of energy which the plant draws upon in order to help it to work up that carbonic acid, etc., and store up the available part of it as food for the animal.

That source of energy is the sun, which, according to the only probable hypothesis that can be formed, has in turn acquired its present immense abundance of kinetic energy by the falling together of its component parts.

Three lectures are assigned to the head of spectrum analysis, which, although scarcely twenty years old, is now a branch of physics of the utmost importance and of ever-increasing range of application. Before the days of the spectroscope it seemed merely chimerical to expect any knowledge of the physical constitution of the sun and stars beyond what might be precariously derived from conjectural analogies. We can now affirm with perfect confidence the presence of many known elements in the luminous atmospheres of these bodies; and, what seems at first sight incredible, we can obtain not only qualitative results of this sort, but quantitative evidence of motions which could in no other way be observed. One much vexed question which seems likely to yield to this method is that of the nature of comets. A really good opportunity for observation is still awaited; in the meantime, and by the light of such observations as have been made, Professor Tait has put forward a wonderfully simple and ingenious hypothesis, to the effect that a comet is nothing else than a cloud of meteoric stones.

Another lecture, too closely packed and comparatively too technical to admit of our saying more of it here, deals with the conduction of heat; and the last two are on the structure of matter. Under this head Sir William Thomson's beautiful conception of vortex-atoms is introduced and illustrated. Helmholtz has shown that, if a vortex-ring exists in a perfect fluid, it is absolutely indestructible:—

Do what you like: bring the edge of the keenest knife up to it as rapidly as you please, it cannot be cut; it simply moves away from or wriggles round the knife; and, in this sense, it is literally an atom. It is a thing which cannot be cut: not that you cannot cut it; but that you cannot so much as get at it so as to try to cut it.

At the same time, if you have a perfect fluid with no vortex-ring in it, no such ring can be produced. The perfection here attributed to the fluid is a mathematical ideal, involving among other things a total freedom from friction, and of course cannot be observed in nature; still the characteristic properties of vortex-rings in their simplest forms can be approximately shown in the manner de-

scribed by Professor Tait by producing such rings in air previously filled with smoke in order to make the rings visible. The nature of a vortex-ring is better described by a figure than by words, but may be stated thus:—Let there be a cylinder rotating uniformly about its axis; and suppose the cylinder perfectly flexible. Now let the ends of the cylinder be brought together and united, either directly, so as to make a circular or oval ring, or after tying the cylinder in any kind of knot you please; and let the rotation be kept up all the while. The rotating coil thus formed is a vortex-ring. Sir William Thomson's hypothesis is that the atoms of matter are nothing else than vortex-rings formed in a space-pervading fluid. "Thus this property of rotation" (giving a permanent individuality to each vortex-ring) "may be the basis of all that to our senses appeals as matter." Professor Tait is careful to point out that this is at present in the stage of pure speculation; but the speculation is a splendid one, and of the kind most eminently fitted to stimulate and to guide research.

There is one point in which we venture to think the book might have been made more useful. Professor Tait has eschewed mathematics throughout, but the wisdom of such an absolute rule seems doubtful. Audiences and readers who are capable of grasping such things as, for instance, the graphical method employed in Watt's "Indicator Diagram," can hardly be incapable of following elementary work with symbols; and the introduction of a small proportion of such work might have improved the earlier lectures in definition. It would be possible, as they stand, to miss seeing that the laws dealt with are laws of exact measurement, nor are we sufficiently told how the quantities are in fact measured. The measure of energy of position is indeed given incidentally in stating the dynamical equivalent of heat, but we cannot find that the measure of energy of motion is explicitly given at all.

Another thing which seems fair matter of comment even for a layman is the great severity of Professor Tait's judgments on investigators who, though they got valuable results, did not get them by accurate reasoning. It is natural for a worker who practises extreme accuracy himself to expect it in others; but if such measure as Professor Tait metes every now and then, in apportioning the merit of the discoveries of thermodynamics, were meted all round, it would go hard with more than one familiar name. It is notorious that even in pure mathematics there are many theorems of great importance of which no complete or satisfactory proof, or sometimes no proof at all, was given by the men who first enunciated them, and whose names they have always borne. But the credit of the discoverers has never been thought to be materially diminished by this. It has been well said that what is now proved was only once imagined. He does best who can both imagine and prove, but he deserves praise also who imagines rightly, though he leave others to prove, or even make mistaken attempts at furnishing proof of his own. As a corrective to some of Professor Tait's criticisms, we may cite the following words of Professor Clerk-Maxwell's:—"The true seat of science is not in the volume of Transactions, but in the living mind, and the advancement of science consists in the direction of men's minds into a scientific channel; whether this is done by the announcement of a discovery, the assertion of a paradox, the invention of a scientific phrase, or the exposition of a system of doctrine. It is for the historian of science to determine the magnitude and direction of the impulse communicated by either of these means to human thought."

MISS YONGE'S STORIES OF GREEK HISTORY.*

IF we criticize Miss Yonge's book in some detail, and if we find some faults in the course of so doing, we trust that she will look on the one process as on the other as really a tribute of respect. We remember years ago a book of Mrs. Trimmer's on the same subject with which we could not have found any fault at all. We do not speak of finding fault when we simply laugh from beginning to end. The one passage of Mrs. Trimmer which we can quote without book is that "the little Spartans never said they could not eat fat, or asked for nice bits." Miss Yonge, even in writing "for the little ones," and in writing something which is clearly meant to do the little ones good, does not point her moral in so inartistic a way as this. Yet Mrs. Trimmer enjoyed a reputation in her own day which was perhaps equal to that which Miss Yonge enjoys in ours. The difference between the two writers in the treatment of Greek history or of anything else marks the difference between the two ages, and the advance by which it is now possible to be good without being *goody*. We do not say that Miss Yonge has quite reached the standard of a critical history, and it would be easy to make a rather long list of particular slips in detail. But this set of "Aunt Charlotte's Stories" is a wonderful advance upon anything that any Aunt Charlotte could have written in the days of Mrs. Trimmer, or even at a much later time. It is good enough to make us wish that it had been better. It goes a long way towards winning our heart when we come to a History of Greece on any scale which does not end at any of the conventional points which even graver historians have not as yet always outgrown, but of which the first chapter is headed Olympus, while the last records the unhappy event at Marathon a few years back. This is at least a step towards the right thing, a step towards the history, not merely of the land of Greece, but of the

* *Aunt Charlotte's Stories of Greek History for the Little Ones.* By Charlotte M. Yonge. London: Marcus Ward & Co. 1876.

people of the Greeks in all places and all ages. Miss Yonge has even got so far as to grasp that most mysterious and difficult truth that Achaia did not become a Roman province in B.C. 146. We turn over the last fifty pages, and we find chapters on Greece under the Roman Empire, the Frank Conquest, the Venetian Conquest, the War of Independence, the Kingdom of Greece. All this marks an advance which some years back no one could have looked for, and it is cheering to find that it has made its way into a child's book, while it is still far from having always made its way into books of much greater pretension. Miss Yonge has in truth come nearer than some great scholars, German and English, to grasping the true position of the Greek people in the history of the world. To have done this is so great a merit that we can unhesitatingly set it against all the mere slips in names, minute facts, and the like, which we have noticed in the book, though we are bound to say that there are more of them than there need have been. We speak of course of slips of that class which can be corrected. With the former part of the book we have to find a graver fault, against which it will be still more needful to set the real merits of the latter part in the balance. We must say that Miss Yonge's treatment of the purely mythical part of her story is one which goes on an inherent misconception which could not be set right by any correction in detail.

To take one point, which certainly might be corrected in detail by going through the whole book and making changes in a large proportion of its pages, Miss Yonge has most unluckily taken the backward step of calling the Greek gods by the Latin names which are supposed to answer to them. We really thought that we had got beyond this stage of things. We might perhaps endure to see Zeus called by the English form of his name *Tue*, but we had really thought that the pre-scientific fashion of calling him *Jupiter* was long ago dead and buried. Miss Yonge's excuse is that "the common Latin titles of the gods and goddesses have, by long use, really come to be their English names, and English literature at least will be better understood by calling the King of Olympus Jupiter, than by becoming familiar with him first as Zeus." If this be so, English literature will be better understood at the cost of comparative mythology not being understood at all. Everything lies in that one word "first." When the pupil has first become familiar with the chief god of the Hellenic mythology by his own name, then let him be taught as soon as any one chooses that that name answers to Latin Jovis and English Tiw—that the Latin writers transferred the acts of the Greek Zeus to their own Jupiter, and the name of their own Jupiter to the Greek Zeus—that, till scientific mythology was thought of, writers in all modern languages did the same. Such a process as this would be quite enough for the understanding of English literature, while it would not sacrifice scientific mythology to it. The distinction must be made in the interest alike of the Greek and of the Latin mythology. The confusion vulgarizes both, and wipes out the distinctive character of both. As Lord Lytton said long ago, it is hard to charge so grave and respectable a deity as Jupiter Optimus Maximus with the carrying off of Europa, and other like pranks of the Greek Zeus. Then as to the myths themselves, we are not at all clear that these tales ought to be told at the beginning of Greek history as part of Greek history. Should they not rather come when something of the true history is already known, as the belief of those who were the actors in that history? We would not positively rule this point; but we are quite sure that, at whatever stage they are told, they should be told as Mr. Cox has told them, and not as Miss Yonge has told them. A legend and a piece of true history should be told in two quite different ways. It is possible to tell a legend in a way which is perfectly simple, and yet not vulgar or undignified in any way. We cannot think that Miss Yonge has hit the right way of telling such a tale. Thus she says that "Saturn was said to have had the bad habit of eating up his children as fast as they were born, till at last his wife Rhea"—who should be Ops, if we are to talk about Saturn—"contrived to give him a stone in swaddling clothes, and while he was biting this hard morsel Jupiter was saved from him." Presently we read, with an odd mixture of later astronomical notions, "Poor old Saturn, after the silver age, had to go into retirement, with only his own star, the planet Saturn, left to him." It is also, we think, a mistake to be constantly dragging in Scriptural references—Javan, the son of Japhet, and the Eke—and it is an odd style of chronology, after telling the heroic legends, to add, "All these heroes of whom we have been telling, lived, if they lived at all, about the time of the Judges of Israel." It is far safer to attempt nothing at all in the way of chronology till really trustworthy dates can be had. The heroes too, as well as the gods, are entitled to a certain respect in the way of telling their tales. It is not pleasant to read, within the space of a single page, of "poor old Priam," "poor Creusa," "Hector's poor little son," and "poor old Hecuba." And though Sophocles has made us accustomed to a good deal of howling and shrieking, one does not like to read how Philoctetes was left behind "because the poor man had a wound in his heel, which was in such a dreadful state that no one could bear to come near him." Miss Yonge moreover places the scene of his sufferings in Tenedos instead of Lemnos. The whole Trojan story is robbed of its poetry by the kind of treatment which it here meets with. We wish for Mr. Cox to tell the story in every page, and we gladly turn to the latter part of the book, where Miss Yonge is far more at home with Don John and Francesco Morosini than she is with the heroes. Mr. Keightley told the legends in one way, Mr. Kingsley in another, and Mr. Cox in a third. All three ways are good; but the way in which Miss Yonge has chosen to tell them is one which at

once confounds legend and history, and takes the whole life out of legend. And we are the more surprised at this, because she shows in many places that the great outlines of mythological science are by no means unknown to her.

When Miss Yonge gets into authentic history, her way of dealing with it is much more to the purpose. A little of the old conventional præ-Grotian prejudice about the Athenian democracy may here and there be faintly seen, but it is very faintly. On the whole, she does far more justice to the great commonwealth than is usual in books of the kind. Indeed, the whole of the strictly historical part is an advance on any of the kind which we remember to have seen. Miss Yonge is clearly much more at home with facts than with fables; she understands them better and tells them better. The slips which we meet with here and there might easily be corrected. Thus, Æsop the fabulist is made an Egyptian, which is perhaps a careless inference from the story of Rhodôpis in Herodotus. Several birth-places are, as usual, attributed to him, but none of them is in Egypt. It is more important when among the illustrations, which form on the whole a very good part of the book, a cut which is surely meant for the Lion Gate at Mykéné is lettered "Ancient Remains at Athens." There are a good many things of this kind to correct; but, as we before said, they are of the class of mistakes which can be corrected, while the fault of treatment in the mythical part is inherent, and no improvement in detail can set it right. It is another kind of fault when the very doubtful story about Alexander's visit to Jerusalem, as told by Josephus, is brought in as if it were quite as certain as his three great battles. This of course is part of the same tendency as the references to Javan and the like. There is an evident wish to bring in Scriptural or other Hebrew talk whenever there is a chance. On the other hand, to bring in the New Testament narrative of the preaching of St. Paul at Philippi, Athens, and Corinth is quite to the purpose. That is really a part of Grecian history. We will not commit ourselves to Miss Yonge's theory as to the silence of the oracles or as to the death of the great Pan. But, whether St. Andrew was really put to death in Achaia or not, his connexion with Achaia is a part of Grecian history; for, at all events in the belief of the Emperor Constantine Porphyrogenitus, his head did great things at Patrai against the Slaves.

There are then some serious faults in "Aunt Charlotte's Stories," and we should strongly counsel the striking out of the whole of the mythical part. We doubt whether Miss Yonge could in any case deal with it successfully. The merit of the book lies at the other end, in the full grasp of the fact that Grecian history is a living thing going on to our time.

THE HAND OF ETHELBERTA.*

IN the description on the title-page of Mr. Hardy's new book, "A Comedy in Chapters," there is something of the affectation which we noted with some dislike in his last production; and we are the less surprised after reading this announcement to find that this unwelcome quality runs more or less through *The Hand of Ethelberta*, which title, it may be observed, has in itself a kind of deliberate oddity. It must be admitted that reasons of various kinds can be found for Mr. Hardy's having borrowed for his work a title from the stage. One is, that some of the situations and dialogues are conceived, as we may proceed to show by instances, in the true spirit of comedy. Another reason less creditable to the author's judgment is that the characters often resemble figures who upon the stage might come in and out, utter quaint sayings, amuse an audience by their bewilderment at events to which the spectator has a key, and by the aid of costume and appearance make each for himself some kind of individuality. These helps to identification are necessarily absent in the pages of a book, and it is also difficult to convey in type, without irritating the reader, such a trick of manner as is, we suppose, intended by Mr. Ladywell's constant "ha-ha," out of which a clever actor might easily enough make capital. It is hard to gain any very clear notion or to make a very consistent figure of Mr. Hardy's central character, Ethelberta herself. The daughter of a butler so attached to his employment that he will not leave it, who finds herself by a whim of chance cast into good society in which she holds a place on condition of keeping aloof from her family, and who afterwards, when money fails her, by turning her cleverness into an original channel becomes a fashionable personage and goes out to dinner at a house where her father stands behind her chair, might no doubt do and say many strange things. An author prepares many difficulties for himself when he invents such a character, and it is not surprising that Mr. Hardy should fail to inspire a reader with any strong belief in Ethelberta's existence.

When Ethelberta first appears—that is in the first page of the book—we are told that she was christened after an infant of title whom her mother nursed, that having grown up and been well educated she became a governess and was married to a son of Lady Petherwin, who died of a chill caught on the wedding tour. After this Lady Petherwin "took by the hand the forlorn Ethelberta, who seemed rather a detached bride than a widow," whatever that may mean, and Mrs. Petherwin became her constant companion, on the understanding that her poor relations were to be kept out of sight and hearing. For the purposes of his story

* *The Hand of Ethelberta: a Comedy in Chapters.* By Thomas Hardy. Author of "Far from the Madding Crowd," &c. 2 vols. London: Smith, Elder, & Co. 1876.

Mr. Hardy finds it necessary to represent Mrs. Petherwin—a butler's daughter, with various brothers and sisters some of whom are artisans, and some of whom subsequently become her own servants—as an accomplished gentlewoman. Such a thing is not impossible, and the author has succeeded in providing a good deal of entertainment for his readers out of the situation he puts before them. At the same time one is apt to get irritated not only at the unreality of which we have spoken as attaching to Ethelberta herself, but at a certain air of improbability which runs through the book; and the irritation is great in proportion to the evidence which Mr. Hardy gives of possessing undoubted and original power with his pen. There is a certain quality, which seems to have some share both of affectation and carelessness, which has been observed in some of Mr. Hardy's former work, and which is yet more observable here. At the opening of the book there is a dialogue between an ostler and a milkman who see Ethelberta passing, some of which is in the author's best manner, which, as all his readers are aware, is very good. But in the midst of it one's enjoyment is disturbed by coming upon such a speech as this from the ostler:—

Ay, the toppermost class now-a-days have left off the use of wheels for the good of their constitutions, so they traipse and walk for many years up foreign hills, where you can see nothing but snow and fogs, till there's no more left to walk up; and if they reach home alive and ha'n't got too old and wearied out, they walk and see a little of their own parishes.

It would be rash to assert that no ostler in a country inn could make such a speech as this; but it is certain that the ideas seem to a reader to belong rather to the author than to the man who is supposed to utter them. At the end of the conversation in which this occurs there is an excellent touch:—

"Faith, I don't know the woman's maiden name, though she said to me 'Good evening, John'; but I had no memory of ever seeing her afore—no, no more than the dead inside church-hatch—where I shall soon be likewise—I had not. 'Ay, my nabs,' I think to myself, 'more know Tom Fool than Tom Fool knows.'"

"More know Tom Fool—what rambling old canticle is it you say, hostler?" enquired the milkman, lifting his ear. "Let's have it again—a good saying well spit out is a Christmas fire to my withered heart. More know Tom Fool—"

"Than Tom Fool knows," said the hostler.

"Ah! That's the very feeling I've felt over and over again, hostler, but not in such gifted language. 'Tis a thought I've had in me more or less for years, and never could lick into shape!—O-ho-ho-ho! Splendid! Say it again, hostler, say it again! To hear my own poor notion that had no name brought into form like that—I wouldn't ha' lost it for the world! More know Tom Fool than—than—ho-ho-ho-ho!"

"Don't let your cheerful soul break out in such a heathen uproar, for heaven's sake, or folk will surely think you've been laughing at the lady and gentleman. Well, here's at it again—Night 'ee, Michael." And the hostler went on with his sweeping.

"Night 'ee, hostler, I must move too," said the milkman, shouldering his yoke, and walking off; and there reached the inn in a gradual diminuendo, as he receded up the street, shaking his head convulsively, "More know—Tom Fool—than Tom Fool—ho-ho-ho-ho!"

Ethelberta, having passed out of sight of the milkman and ostler, goes for a walk, which ends in a run to see the finish of a race between a duck and a hawk, on a heath near the town; and we may quote a passage describing her progress as an instance of Mr. Hardy's close observation and also of a carelessness in composition which is not common in his writing:—

Her stateliness went away, and it could be forgiven for not remaining; for her feet suddenly became as quick as fingers, and she raced along over the uneven ground with such force of tread that, being a woman slightly heavier than gossamer, her patent heels punched little D's in the soil with unerring accuracy wherever it was bare, crippled the heather-twigs where it was not, and sucked the swampy places with a sound of quick kisses.

On her way back she meets a certain Christopher Julian who has been, and still is, in love with her. Ethelberta inspires various people with various forms of love in the course of the book, and Julian is apparently intended to represent the simple and romantic form; but unfortunately it is impossible to take any deep interest in him; he is a less improbable and incoherent person than Ethelberta herself by reason of his exceeding rapidity, and that is about all that can be said of him. Circumstances bring him and Ethelberta together continually; they meet, but without speaking, for the first time after their encounter on the heath, at a dance in a country house. Julian's family has had reverses, and he, who has turned a musical talent to account, is sent for to play dance-music. We touch upon this incident not for the sake of any bearing that it has upon the story, but because in its narration occur some striking examples of Mr. Hardy's besetting faults of giving incongruous dialogue to his characters, and going far out of his way for laboured similes. A servant has been sent with a trap to fetch Julian, and as they go to the house the musician asks if it is a large party, and the servant replies:—

"No, sir; it is what we call a dance—that is, 'tis like a ball you know, on a small scale—a ball on a spurt, that you never thought of till you had it. In short, it grew out of a talk at dinner, I believe, and some of the young people present wanted a jig, and didn't care to play themselves, you know, young ladies being an idle class of society at the best of times."

A little later on, the same servant, explaining a bas-relief of a battle-piece built into the wall of the house, says:—"When I am in one of my meditations as I wait here with the carriage sometimes, I think how many more get killed at the moment of victory than at the moment of defeat—'tis one of the contradictions of nature." Again, describing the appearance of the ball-room when the light of day is let in upon it, the author writes:—"Christopher turned his back upon the window, and there were the hitherto beaming candle-flames shining no more radiantly than tarnished javelin-heads, while the snow-white lengths of wax showed them-

selves clammy and cadaverous as the fingers of a woman who does nothing." The simile here is both artificial and untrue. Julian's next meeting with Ethelberta is in an open space in a wood, where he finds her surrounded by two young mechanics and several children, to whom she is telling an exciting story. Between this meeting and the last she has gained some fame as a poetess, and has also, by the death of Lady Petherwin, been thrown upon her own resources for a living. She has a peculiar talent for story-telling, which she is going to exercise in public; and the scene upon which Julian came was a rehearsal. She carries out her intention with success, becomes one of the topics of a London season, and at the same time adopts the singular plan of setting up house with her brothers and sisters as her servants.

Among the many people who aspire to the "hand of Ethelberta" there are two with the somewhat improbable names of Neigh and Ladywell. Neither of these characters is worked out with proper care; but between them some of the most amusing scenes in the book take place. Ladywell, a vain young painter, likes nothing so well as to talk about his passion for Ethelberta, and always selects Neigh as a confiding friend, ignorant that he also is a victim of Mrs. Petherwin. At the end of one of Ethelberta's public appearances the two walk homewards together. After some conversation:—

"How do you really stand with her?" said Neigh, with an anxiety ill concealed.

"Off and on; neither one thing nor the other. I was determined to make an effort the last time she sat to me, and so I met her quite coolly, and spoke only of technicalities with a forced smile—you know that way of mine for drawing people out, eh, Neigh?"

"Quite, quite."

"A forced smile, as much as to say, 'I am obliged to entertain you, but as a mere model for art purposes.' But the deuce a bit did she care. And then I frequently looked to see what time it was, as the end of the sitting drew near—rather a rude thing to do, as a rule."

"Of course. But that was your *finesse*."

Presently Ladywell observes that it would comfort him if Neigh were in such another hole, to which Neigh replies:—

"But what if your fellow-sufferer is not only in another such hole, but in the same one?"

"No, Neigh—never. Don't trifle with a friend who—"

"That is refused like yourself, as well as in love."

"Ah! Thanks, thanks. It suddenly occurred to me that we might be dead against one another as rivals, and a friendship of many long—days be snapped like a reed."

The list of Ethelberta's admirers is presently increased by Lord Mountclere, an aged nobleman, who, as we learn in an absurdly impossible scene between him and his valet, is in the habit of taking in *Le Follet* and various other fashion-books, for the sake of looking at the faces of the women portrayed in them. One of the best scenes in the book is one to which we could not do justice by partial extracts, which occurs when Neigh and Ladywell run up against each other at the *Hôtel Beau Séjour* at Rouen. They have both come there to see Ethelberta, and they discover at the same time that Lord Mountclere, who is also there, is likely to be preferred to them. Here is the end of the scene:—

"She told me she would give me an answer in a month," said Ladywell, emotionally.

"So she told me," said Neigh.

"And so she told him," said Ladywell.

"And I have no doubt she will keep her word to him in her usual precise manner."

"But see what she implied to me! I distinctly understood from her that the answer would be favourable."

"So did I."

"So does he."

"And he is sure to be the one who gets it, since only one of us can. Well I wouldn't marry her for love, money, nor—"

"Increase."

"Exactly: I would not. 'I'll give you an answer in a month'—to all three of us! For God's sake let's sit down here and have something to drink."

They drew up a couple of chairs to one of the tables of a wine-shop close by, and shouted to the waiter with the vigour of persons going to the dogs. Here, behind the horizontal headed trees that dotted this part of the quay, they sat over their bottles denouncing womankind till the sun got low down upon the river, and the houses on the farther side began to be toned by a blue mist. At last they rose from their seats and departed, Neigh to dine and consider his route, and Ladywell to take the train for Dieppe.

The end of the complication between Ethelberta and her lovers is not much more probable than the beginning, and one lays down the book with a mixture of feelings. One cannot but admire the original force which is evident enough in Mr. Hardy's work, and one cannot help being a little put out at his having misapplied it. The book is full of faults, but their existence has not shaken the belief which we have long entertained, that Mr. Hardy is capable of making himself a place in the first rank of novelists. Only to do that he must, it seems to us, abandon such out-of-the-way subjects as he has chosen in the *Hand of Ethelberta*. Mr. Hardy has rare qualities—a keen observation of nature, a knowledge of country life and its ways that George Sand might envy, and, as he proved in his last book, a tragic force which few writers possess. We cannot but think that the *Hand of Ethelberta*, amusing as it is, is hardly worthy of its author's powers.

BANCROFT'S NATIVE RACES OF THE PACIFIC.—VOL. V.*

BEFORE we speak more particularly of the contents of this volume, it is but just to Mr. Bancroft to say that he has worthily

* *The Native Races of the Pacific States of North America*. By Herbert Howe Bancroft. Vol. V. Primitive History. London: 1876.

carried out a great design. He has gone patiently through the vast masses of matter, and worked his way through the multitude of volumes, relating to the political, social, and religious condition and fortunes of the Maya and Nahuatl peoples of Central America, has carefully examined their dialects, their architectural remains, their sculpture, and their plastic arts. He has thus brought together within manageable compass all the information forthcoming on these subjects to which any importance can be attached; and he has done this with a commendable abstention from theorizing. The promise that he would avoid it altogether was one which we could scarcely expect him to keep to the letter; and in this last volume he has approached that part of his subject in which the effort to keep to it at all would be subjected to the severest strain.

It must be confessed that this pressure has not been resisted as persistently as it might have been; and the result is a volume much of which looks like the work of a man who either has not carefully studied the laws of evidence or has been afraid of applying them in the instances before him. Briefly, he has had to deal with the so-called history of a multitude of nations, a history stretching back professedly over millenniums, crowded with miracles, prodigies, and portents, and exhibiting a fertile crop of inconsistencies and flat contradictions. Such traditions it was manifestly well worth while to relate; but they should have been related precisely as they have been given by the native writers or by the European conquerors, without a word of comment. Mr. Bancroft has thought that, by sifting and simplifying them, he can get at certain general conclusions which may throw light on the growth and decay of these American tribes—in other words, that he can separate grains of truth from beds of tradition, or, it may be, of fiction. Nor is he content to do this only with traditions relating to times not long preceding the Spanish invasions. He has no hesitation in applying the method to legends going back to a time which for Mexico, Palenque, and Copan would answer to the days of the Argonauts and the Herakleids in the old Achaian land; and here we need only ask the simple question why a method should be applied to American history which, by universal consent, has been abandoned by those who examine the early history of the nations whether of ancient or of modern Europe.

At the outset, however, Mr. Bancroft feels himself called on to deal with the earlier problem of the origin of these American tribes; and every theory which has been broached on the subject is examined accordingly with the most careful minuteness, and, we gladly acknowledge, with unflinching impartiality. Much of this portion of his task we might be tempted to regard as a work of supererogation; but he has perhaps done well in suffering no hypothesis to tempt him to a contemptuous dismissal by its absurdity, and in weighing even manifest impostures in a fair balance. Thus we have here the whole array of notions which have traced these American nations to Mongolia and Egypt, or recognized in them the lost tribes of Israel or the descendants of the Welshman Madoc, winding up with the romance which has served as the foundation for the religious fabric of the Mormonite Prophet, Joseph Smith. Among all these theories there is scarcely one which can be regarded as seriously deserving consideration. The most trustworthy traditions, perhaps, relate to the voyages of the Northmen and their settlements in Greenland; but Mr. Bancroft rightly remarks that, even if these be accepted without question, they do not bear on the subject immediately discussed, for it is nowhere pretended that these settlements introduced men into an uninhabited continent. At most of the hypotheses we can afford to smile. They resolve themselves mainly into the old proof of the identity of Macedon and Monmouth because both have a river with fish in it; and thus the Mexicans are made akin to the Egyptians because both used hieroglyphics, because such writings must be of three kinds—phonetic, figurative, and symbolical—and because all these systems are to be found among both (p. 61). This method of resemblances is carried by those who would bring the Mexicans from the Holy Land to a pitch of extravagance which, but for the mischief done by all false theorizing, might be excellent fun. The division into tribes, the custom of hanging up the heads of sacrificed enemies, the dancing of a king, the death of leaders before they enter the land which they hope to conquer, the use of circumcision, the wearing of scarlet or other gaudily coloured dresses, the offering of water to strangers for the purpose of washing their feet—these and a thousand other things not less irrelevant are, for writers like Lord Kingsborough, proof conclusive that the forefathers of the Central American tribes came forth with the posterity of Jacob out of Egypt. Even these absurdities are capped by the outrageous folly which sees in these nations genuine Greeks from the Egean Sea. The demonstration is easy. "Both were idolaters, used sacred fire, indulged in Bacchanalian revels, held formal councils"; and if this is not enough, "strong resemblances are to be found in their marriage customs, system of education, manner of hunting, fishing, and making war, in their games and sports, in their mourning and burial customs, and in their manner of treating the sick" (p. 122). It is a relief when we reach at last the autochthonic theory. Nor do we feel disposed to offer any objection on reading Mr. Bancroft's remark that it is "an opinion worthy of the gravest consideration, and one which, as we may judge by the results of scientific investigation, may eventually prove to be scientifically correct" (p. 130). These words carry us only to independent centres of origination for the several families of the human race; on the further theory of the evolution of this race from lower types reaching back to the monad, Mr. Bancroft contents himself with saying that, as many of the American tribes "are quite content to believe that their

ancestor was a dog or a coyote," they "seem entitled to some sympathy from the latest school of modern philosophy" (p. 19). Even with regard to this autochthonic hypothesis, he rightly holds that belief must be premature and unjustifiable until it has been satisfactorily established. It is quite true that "no one at the present day can tell the origin of the Americans"; but when Mr. Bancroft goes on to say that "they may have come from any one or from all the hypothetical sources enumerated in the foregoing pages," we can but protest against the notion of leaving a loophole for notions some of which have been dismissed as absolutely absurd, and others as manifestly impossible.

The habit of reserving opinion may be carried too far, and may easily pass into the profession of reserving it. We must therefore take even a stronger objection to those passages in which Mr. Bancroft sets forth the grounds for giving credence and weight to the main body of American tradition. There can be no question that the Spanish writers are not to be charged with wholesale invention or forgery, or even with conscious dishonesty of any kind. Nor are we justified in dismissing as unworthy of credit the native writers of the age of the Spanish conquest, or even in refusing to Mexican tradition the degree of trust which we should accord to Greek or Roman tradition for times immediately preceding the origin of a contemporary history. But it must be always strictly borne in mind that it is the contemporary character of the narrative which constitutes its value. We accept at once the statements of Herodotus respecting events of his own day; we are ready to believe that the older men with whom he conversed reported faithfully those matters of which they had personal knowledge, and that they gave him not less faithfully the statements which they may have heard from their fathers or their grandfathers. Thus, even apart from written records, something like a connected and trustworthy history may be preserved for three or four generations; but it must be preserved by one who then commits it to writing, for the oral tradition of the third generation is being rapidly modified by the state of flux which is the fate of all oral tradition of any sort and of any time, the briefest as well as the longest. Unless, then, it can be shown that American history rests on contemporary writings, we are manifestly sent adrift without chart or compass on an unknown sea, when we get back to a time preceding the Spanish conquest even by a very few centuries. We are absolutely lost when we go back still further for one or two thousand years or more. In such cases our business is to record the traditions without comment. The attempt to sift them can result only in leaving a residuum of possibilities; and Mr. Bancroft has unfortunately been tempted to speak of this residuum as if it were genuine historical matter. Having carefully weighed the merits and the faults of the various classes of writers who have treated of American history, he expresses his desire of avoiding the latter and imitating them in the former:—

With the Spanish writers I would tell all that the natives told as history, and that without constantly reminding the reader that the sun did not stand still in the heavens, that giants did not flourish in America, that the Toltec kings and prophets did not live to the age of several hundred years, and otherwise warning him against what he is in no danger of accepting as truth. With Wilson and his class of antiquarian sceptics I would feel no hesitation in rejecting the shallow theories and fancies evolved by priestly fanatics from their own brain. With Gallatin I wish to discriminate clearly, where such discrimination is called for and possible, between the historical and the probably mythic; to indicate the boundary between firm land and treacherous quicksand; but also, like Brasseur, I would pass beyond the firm land, spring from rock to rock, wade through shifting sands, swim to the farthest, faintest light, and catch at straws by the way; yet not flatter myself, while thus employed, as the abbé occasionally seems to do, that I am treading dry-shod on a wide, solid, and well-lighted highway.—P. 155.

All this may show a laudable spirit of impartiality; but it is scarcely the spirit of the genuine historian, whose business it is to determine at the outset the conditions under which it is either "called for" or "possible" to discriminate between the historic and the probably mythic. Far from doing this, Mr. Bancroft takes the narratives of the Popol Vuh, and asserts that, "be they marvellous or commonplace, each is formed on an actual occurrence and has its meaning" (p. 183). The same may be said of the stories of the Argonauts, of Helen, or of the Phœniakians in the Odyssey; and comparative mythologists would assert, not less positively than Mr. Bancroft, that every one of them is founded on an actual occurrence and has its meaning. But they would add that these occurrences may and do take place in any spot and at all times, that the Phœniakian barks may be seen whenever the wind blows the clouds across the sky, and that the form of Helen, stolen from her Western home, is seen at Ilion when the dawn flushes the heaven. The statement, therefore, is manifestly misleading; but Mr. Bancroft obviously means that the given occurrence is a genuine fact of human history; and in this sense, taking the same story of Popol Vuh, he looks on the beasts of the forests mentioned in it as "savage tribes employed as allies":—

Occasionally men are for some offence or stupidity changed to monkeys, or tribes allied with the self-styled reformers and civilizers prove false to their allegiance and return to the wild freedom of the mountains. It is difficult, if not impossible, to determine the meaning of that portion of the narrative which recounts the immaculate conception of the Princess Xquiq; but Brasseur, not without reason, sees in the birth of Hunabpu and Xbalanque from a Xibalban mother an indication that the rival nations became more or less mixed by intermarriage. The same author conjectures that the quarrels between the two twins and their elder half-brothers record dissensions that arose between the chiefs of pure and mixed blood.—P. 185.

It is easy to read tradition after this fashion, to draw precisely the same conclusion from the feuds between Romulus and Remus

and the people of Amulius, and to call up precisely the same doubt respecting Rhea Silvia and the princess with the less euphonious name of Xquiq. But in truth it is not, as Mr. Bancroft thinks, the only practicable course in such cases "to present the leading points of these early traditions as they are given by the best authorities, and to draw from them . . . some general conclusions respecting the most probable course of primitive history" (p. 189). In the only sense which gives any value to the word, we have no authorities at all, nor do we make a statement or a series of statements one whit the more historical because we have taken care that they shall assert nothing that is unlikely. Further, the name Popol Vuh belongs strictly not to the Quiché MS. so called, but to the national tradition which the later compiler sought to preserve from extinction by setting it down in his book. Whether he has adhered to the tradition with absolute exactness, and whether, if we had that tradition itself before us, we should find in it more of historical matter, we cannot tell; but in the Quiché version certainly we have none. It deals with times which to the Mexicans of the days of Cortes were as the stories of Danaos and Erechtheus to the Athenians of the days of Xenophon; and it is the duty of the historian to deal as trenchantly with the one as with the other. Nay, speaking of this Popol Vuh, Professor Max Müller holds that this remark applies with even greater force to American tradition. "The sooner this is acknowledged," he adds, "the better for the credit of American scholars. Even the traditions of the migrations of the Chichimecs, Colhuas, and Nahuas, which form the staple of all American antiquarians, are no better than the Greek traditions about Pelasgians, Æolians, and Ionians; and it would be a mere waste of time to construct out of such elements a systematic history, only to be destroyed again sooner or later by some Niebuhr, Grote, or Lewis."

We do not deny, and we have no wish to qualify, the importance of the difference thus raised between us. Had Mr. Bancroft's historical method been more rigorous we should have read this volume with more genuine satisfaction. As it is, we may fearlessly say that all historical scholars are indebted to him for the results of years of toil ungrudgingly spent, and spent to excellent purpose.

PRICE'S HANDBOOK OF LONDON BANKERS.*

CHARLES LAMB tells us of a paragraph writer whose work was easily recognized, for when news ran low and well failed there constantly appeared the following note:—"It is not generally known that the three Blue Balls at the Pawnbrokers' shops are the ancient arms of Lombardy. The Lombards were the first money-brokers in Europe." Mr. Price's volume is an expansion of the information supposed to be conveyed in Bob Allen's paragraph. It does not mistake golden balls for blue, nor say that the arms were those of Lombardy, but it does endeavour to trace our great modern banking-houses to the goldsmiths of the middle ages, and in a few cases succeeds in showing that they are still the representatives of firms mentioned in the *Little London Directory* of 1677 as keeping "running-cashes." As the oldest of these houses is that then known as Blanchard and Child, and as it was in the course of some investigations into the history of Child's Bank that Mr. Price was led to write this book, he naturally gives it a large share of attention. The growth and fortunes of such a business as this are a subject well worth studying, and the wonder is that so few books have been written on our commercial history except dry treatises. There is something fascinating, almost romantic, in the details given us by Mr. Price; and though readers for amusement only may quarrel with his book because a full half of it is devoted to a banking directory, while the business reader may not care for the anecdotes, he has produced an interesting and unpretending little work, which may prove a useful contribution towards the history of a difficult subject. The alphabetical arrangement he has adopted, while it is very convenient for reference, is fatal to the sequence of the facts he narrates. A chronological table might have been added to counteract the effect of this arrangement, but as the list of goldsmiths only dates from 1677, and the list of bankers only begins in 1736, we must pick out and place in order as we best may the information which Mr. Price has gathered as to the older goldsmiths and the makers of coin from the Conquest downwards.

The first name might be supposed to be the oldest. "Ade was goldsmith to King Edward I.," says Mr. Price. But at the end of the book we have mention of an older name. "Otto," we read, "was one of the earliest goldsmiths of whom we have any record." This Otto is, it seems, mentioned in Domesday as the holder of lands in Essex and Suffolk. But we could supply Mr. Price with a still earlier name. In the reign of the Confessor "Teodric aurifaber" held a manor in Surrey, and he continued to hold it at the time of the survey. Of the family of Otto Mr. Price has some curious particulars. There appear to have been several successive engravers to the Mint of this name, and Ruding and others have traced the history of the family until, like later bankers, they were absorbed into the ranks of the peerage. Mr. Price for the most part avoids questions of coinage, and stops with Thomas FitzOtto, who claimed by inheritance the broken dies of the Mint in the reign of Henry III., and who presented Ralph le Blund to the Barons of the Exchequer as a proper person to hold the office of Cutter of the King's Dies. This Thomas seems to

have married a Beauchamp, and Maud, his daughter, carried the office and its emoluments to the Botetourts, who were barons in Parliament from 1305, and whose title is now enjoyed by their descendant, the Duke of Beaufort.

But, leaving these ancient goldsmiths, we may trace the rise of Child's long-famous house as a typical example. The future fortunes of Temple Bar are just now under discussion. If it is pulled down, it will leave a blank in the façade of Messrs. Child's banking-house. The mysterious little chamber over the archway, with its windows of small panes, looking up Fleet Street and down the Strand, was rented by Messrs. Child from the City for 50*l.* a year, as a place for storing their account-books. This is a fact apparently overlooked by Mr. Price. The name is not very ancient in the City. Two remarkable members of the family flourished in the latter half of the seventeenth century, and most accounts go to show that they were brothers, and that their father had been a very small tradesman. Josiah Child is remembered as Governor of the East India Company, and as the subject of some of Lord Macaulay's strongest language. Evelyn mentions that the fortune of Miss Child when she married Lord Worcester was 50,000*l.* Her descendant, the Duke of Beaufort, thus represents a second great City family. But Sir Josiah Child was not the banker. This was Francis Child, said to be his younger brother, but there is some obscurity on the point; and Mr. Price, like Mr. Parker, makes that darker which was dark enough before. Francis Child married his cousin, the heiress of the Wheelers who had first set up at the "Marygold, hitherto a tavern, next door to Temple Bar." William Wheeler had a partner, Robert Blanchard, and not only did Child marry the heiress of the senior member of the firm, but his mother, Mrs. Child, married the other partner. To Francis eventually came the fortunes of both, and he is remarkable as the first banker who gave up the goldsmith's business and devoted himself entirely to the business of banking. He deserves, therefore, the name given him by Pennant of the Father of the Profession. He lies buried in Fulham Churchyard among the Bishops, under a sadly neglected monument which sets forth his virtues and mentions that he had by the Wheeler heiress a family of twelve sons and three daughters. He and another Sir Francis Child, his second son, were in their turn Lord Mayors, but the second Sir Francis is chiefly remarkable as the introducer of a printed form of promissory notes; in other words, of bank-notes. For this, if for nothing else, he deserves the gratitude of posterity. But though this was the first firm to print notes, it was the last to adopt a printed form for cheques; at least Mr. Price tells us in the same paragraph that it was the last and also the earliest (p. 28); but he probably means that, though the Childs were the first to use printed cheques, they soon abandoned the custom, and did not revive it until it had become universal elsewhere. The old ledgers of the firm contain the names of many people of note. Eleanor Gwynne—so Mr. Price spells the name—Bishop Stillingfleet, Bishop Burnet, the great Duke of Marlborough, Titus Oates, Dryden, and John Evelyn, the diarist, have all left their marks in the books, and Oliver Cromwell is known to have kept his account at the Marygold, but the ledger which contained it has been lost for fifty years. Notwithstanding the number of Sir Francis Child's sons, Mr. Robert Child was in 1782 the head of the firm and the last of the name. It is of him that the famous story is told of his daughter's marriage. Lord Westmoreland, it is said, when dining one day at the bank, asked his host what he should do were he in love with a girl whose father would not give his consent. "Why! run away with her, to be sure," was Mr. Child's incautious reply. Lord Westmoreland took the advice literally, and ran away with Miss Child, the banker's only daughter. Mr. Heywood Hardy's picture, a couple of years ago at the Academy, represented a thrilling scene in the elopement; when Lord Westmoreland, finding that the anxious parent's pursuit had become dangerous, stood up in his carriage and shot the leading horse in Mr. Child's. Mr. Child never forgave the runaways. He left his fortune to his grandchild, Lady Sarah Fane, who carried it into the Jersey family. Lord Jersey is the present head of the firm, yet he is not, strictly speaking, the representative of the last Mr. Child. Lady Sarah had a brother and two sisters younger than herself, but her grandfather's will gave them no part or inheritance with her. It has often been reported that John, Lord and Lady Westmoreland's only son, and also the daughters, were all christened "Sarah," lest the legacy should lapse, but Mr. Price does not tell us whether there is any truth in the story.

Mr. Price's anecdotes of other firms are also entertaining. He gives the history of many houses which have not lasted as long as that of the Childs. The Royal British Bank was opened (with prayer, if we remember rightly), in 1851 and stopped in 1856, "overwhelming many hundreds of families in ruin"; the English Joint-Stock Bank was established in 1866, and stopped in the same year; and there is ancient precedent for this very quick work in the Land Bank, erected by Act of Parliament in 1696 to advance money on title-deeds. Not only did it fail within the year, but its fall brought about no less an event than the stoppage of the Bank of England, an institution then only in the third year of its age. Mr. Price's accounts of such unfortunate houses as those of Strahan and Paul, Masterman and Co. (afterwards the Agra and Masterman's Bank), Neale and Fordyce, and others which have failed through negligence or fraud, contain many interesting particulars; but it is more pleasant to read the full histories he gives of the successful houses. He mentions in the preface that, of the list of goldsmiths who kept running cashes in 1677, five still survive. One of these is

* *Handbook of London Bankers*. By F. G. Hilton Price. London: Chatto & Windus. 1876.

Blanchard and Child, at the Marygold—which Mr. Price, by the way, will only write as “Y^e Marygold,” we know not why—now Child and Co.; another is Duncombe and Kent, at the “Grass-hopper, in Lombard Street,” which claims to represent the firm of which Sir Thomas Gresham was the head, now known as Martin and Co.; it was the Duncombe of this firm that bought the Villiers estate in Yorkshire, and was immortalized by Pope:—

And Helmsley, once proud Buckingham's delight,
Slides to a scrivener or City knight.

It still belongs to the family, but Lord Feversham is not a partner in the bank. The other houses which date from before 1677 are those of James Hore, at the Golden Bottle in Cheapside, now Hoare's in Fleet Street; Stock's, at the Black Horse in Lombard Street, now Barnett's; and Williams's, at the Crown, also in Lombard Street, now Willis's. There is a great deal of amusing reading and some valuable information in this book—so much indeed that, with the materials at his command, it is difficult to see how the author did not make a better book. The account of the goldsmiths, though it is specially mentioned on the title-page, is very meagre, and, as far as the early part of the history of banking in England is concerned, we cannot accept this work as more than an instalment.

TWO DRAMAS.*

HENRIK IBSEN is a poet and dramatist of whom Norway may justly be proud, and any work of his deserves respectful attention. But, in planning the long Chronicle-Play which he published in 1873 under the title of *Keiser og Galilæer*, he chose a theme which seems to have proved somewhat too vast for his artistic powers. Skilled as he is in historic illustration, he failed in this instance to treat successfully the motley crowds which figure on his immense canvas. Accustomed as he had long been, both as dramatist and as director, to theatrical business, he produced a drama totally unfit for the stage. Original, powerful, and facile poet as he undoubtedly is, he conceived the idea of what surely ought to have been a dramatic poem, and accomplished it in prose, thus deliberately sacrificing one of his most important advantages. When we see tragedy so sweeping by, when we listen to such a tale as that of Troy divine, a musical accompaniment of some kind seems appropriate, if not necessary. Moreover, just as some great prose writers are deserted by their particular genius when they take to verse, so are there some poets who, when they doff their singing robes, are like a swan-maiden deprived of her feather dress, unable to soar aloft into the sky, and obliged to comply with the requirements of commonplace words and deeds. Ibsen, it is true, does not altogether lie under this disadvantage; for his prose, in the more elevated passages of *The Emperor and the Galilean*, is of a poetical nature, sometimes hard to be understood not merely by the vulgar, but even by an efficient interpreter.

It is said that he at first intended his work to form a trilogy; but the use of that term must not be allowed to suggest the idea that he wrote under Greek influences. Shakspeare and Schiller would rather seem to have been the two models he studied, so far as the form of his drama is concerned. As to its contents, he has closely followed the chroniclers of the period he illustrates, often inserting whole blocks of history but little modified or adapted, thereby rendering hasty admirers liable to the risk of attributing to his imagination incidents and expressions which are matters of fact. That period of history, however, possessing an undying interest, it is impossible to read without emotion the pages in which the Norwegian dramatist has told the story of Julian the Apostate.

First we listen to the ingenuous utterances at Constantinople of the princely youth on whom Fortune seems to frown. Then we hear him talking eagerly with sages and revellers at Athens, and with Christian philosophers and heathen mystics at Ephesus. In Gaul he figures as the victorious general whom his troops adore, and on whom they force the Imperial crown; and there also the close of the first part leaves him, the pagan neophyte whose wrongs have driven him into rebellion against his Emperor and his Emperor's God. The second part opens with the arrival at Constantinople of Julian as Emperor, and goes on to describe the rising of that sea of troubles, both there and at Antioch, into which he is plunged by his resolve to recall the ancient gods from exile. The fourth act reveals “the eastern boundaries of the Empire,” and Julian marching doggedly on to the stormy death with which the fifth act ends. In the penultimate scene, it may be mentioned, the dramatist follows the doubtful tradition which asserts that Julian owed his death to a Christian hand, and makes him utter in falling the famous words about the Galilean's victory for which so little authority exists. There is much in the whole representation which is attractive—life and movement, and colour and light. But for our own part, if we are to gaze at the long drama of Julian's career, we prefer to do so by the help of the historian who happened to sit musing one day among the ruins of the Capitol while barefooted friars were singing vespers in what had been the temple of Jove.

The Emperor Julian remains one of the enigmatical characters of history. It is hard to say what he really was, but we may rest assured that he was not exactly what the Norwegian dramatist

represents him as having been. In some respects, no doubt, the portrait is accurate. The blackness of Julian's studious fingers, the shabbiness of his philosophic raiment, the unloveliness of his objectionable beard, all these external signs are conscientiously rendered. But the real, the inner nature of the Imperial votary of the fair humanities of old religion—into this we gain but little insight under the dramatist's guidance. Weak, credulous, and modern, he frequently resembles a spiritualist of our own day more than a great general, a mighty monarch, of the days of yore. It must be allowed, however, that he shows a certain amount of force and vitality when contrasted with most of the forms which surround him. On them historic names may be conferred; their words and deeds may even be thoroughly authenticated; but, for all that, they have no more individual life than if they had been labelled “first” or “second citizen.” Still, in spite of these drawbacks, this prose poem has no slight merit. There are scenes in it which evince real power, there are passages in which the genius of the poet makes itself unmistakably felt. In the first part, by way of example, may be mentioned at least one very remarkable scene; that in which Julian's wife, under the influence of poison, reveals the secrets of her life. And throughout both parts there are scattered passages which in the original are remarkable for bright and bold imagery, as well as for such vigorous and musical diction as only a master of language can command.

Miss Ray's translation is for the most part literal and accurate to a most praiseworthy degree. So long as the original remains at its ordinary level, the version is, as a general rule, everything that could well be desired. But when the dramatist begins to soar aloft on the wings of imagination, he leaves his interpreter far below him. To the driving storm, or the lustrous calm, of the Norseman's speech the English interpreter fails at times to do full justice. The sense may be correctly rendered, but the garb of words, which in the one case is often rich in colour and radiance, is in the other for the most part devoid of any special attraction. The difference reveals itself most forcibly on those fortunately rare occasions when the translation has to deal with the double difficulty of rhythm and rhyme. The songs which arise, at p. 212, from the contrasted processions of Apollo's worshippers and Christian prisoners, have a somewhat ludicrous ring about them in the English version, especially in the closing lines:—

Apollo's Procession,
Sweet to carouse beside Hope's sunny embers!
Prisoners' Procession,
We yield to bloody baptism our members!

It is true that for such strange expressions as the “solhåbs-glöden” and the “bloddåbs-döden” of the original it is hard to find English equivalents. To one case in which the sense has been obscured in the translation it may be worth while to refer. It occurs in the striking scene, already spoken of, in which Helena, Julian's dying wife, makes such terrible disclosures. Perhaps Miss Ray may have purposely clouded the meaning of the whole passage, fearing that the dramatist's close adherence to a revolting tradition might shock the feelings of her readers; for when, at the end of Helena's involuntary confession, Julian shakes his clenched fists in the air with a savage cry of “Galilean!” she makes him unmeaningly exclaim “Galileans!”

No one has done more towards making Ibsen known to English readers than Mr. E. W. Gosse, who has now brought vividly before their eyes a series of romantic scenes from Danish history. The story of Erik Eleogod, King of Denmark, has long been dear to Northern minstrelsy, and now it has been told by Mr. Gosse with a pathetic grace which ought to endear it to English hearts as well. The plot is simple, and the persons of the drama are few. The King, driven wild by causeless jealousy, disgraces his innocent Queen, and slays a minstrel on whom he suspects her of having too favourably looked. To passion succeeds remorse. Finding that he has wronged an innocent and loving wife, and conscious of having broken his own strict law against killing a Christian man untried, he vows a pilgrimage to the Holy Land. Attended by his long-suffering and forgiving Queen, he wanders forth an exile from his realm. But before he reaches Palestine he is killed by the foster-brother of the minstrel who fell a victim to his hasty wrath. Mr. Gosse has adhered closely to historic truth, and his fidelity has compelled him to burden his heroine with a somewhat unromantic name, Botilda to wit. In all other respects, however, this reverence for truth has greatly conduced to the merits of his work. There is an air of reality about the scenes which he depicts. We breathe a true Northern atmosphere, we listen to good Scandinavian talk. Mr. Gosse has evidently studied the Sagas to good purpose, and held imaginary converse with Skalds and Sea-Kings long enough to be able to avoid the solecisms and anachronisms which beset the path of a poet who follows his fancy into a foreign country and a far-off time. In telling so simple a tale as that of the King's jealousy and the Queen's patience, a dramatic poet can find but little scope for the development of philosophical theories, but little excuse for the application of minute psychological analysis. But if he possesses the story-teller's gift of rendering clearly visible to other eyes the forms and scenes which memory and imagination call up before his own, and if he unites with it the playwright's faculty of enabling his characters to behave reasonably and speak to the point, as well as the singer's power of casting an indefinable charm about that which otherwise might be but coldly correct, then his comparatively simple work may surpass the elaborate productions of the highest intelligences that ever refused to lower themselves to the level of ordinary compre-

* *The Emperor and the Galilean*. A Drama in Two Parts. By Henrik Ibsen. Translated from the Norwegian by Catherine Ray. Samuel Tinsley. 1876.

King Erik. By Edmund W. Gosse. Chatto & Windus. 1876.

hensions. Mr. Gosse possesses to a high degree the singer's and the story-teller's gifts, and of the playwright's faculty he possesses more than in these days generally falls to a poet's lot; and his tragedy, though neither harrowing nor appalling, is so elevated in tone, delicate in feeling, and felicitous in expression, that it is likely to win its way to the hearts of its readers, as well as to please their critical taste. In the first act the Queen joyfully welcomes home her lord on his return from victorious war. In the second she learns what she had never guessed before, that the minstrel Grimur, whom she had looked on only as a dear friend, has long nurtured a wild love for her, a love utterly unreturned. For, she says:—

If love
Be this, to feel a heightened pulse of life
Beat when the loved one's footsteps touch the stair,
To lose all drooping sense of bodily ill
When he is near and smiling; to grow sad
And weary when 'tis sure he will not come;
Then once, and only once, since time began,
Has love come down into this heart of mine.

But this is unknown to Erik, whom slanderous tongues drive into headlong wrath, so that he slays Grimur with his own hand. In the third act the King is about to enter the cathedral at Roeskild, when he is stopped by the Archbishop, whose stern rebuke brings home to him the consciousness of his crime. When we next see the King he is presiding in the Assembly of the People at Roeskild. Around his chair of state sit the nobles; the rest of the open air enclosure in which the Thing is held is occupied by the freemen, who "bustle about and speak noisily together." At length the King arises, and in spite of the protests expressed by his nobles and "the Leader of the Freemen," he announces his fixed resolve to do penance for his crime by means of a pilgrimage to Jerusalem. Then comes a scene described with great feeling and delicacy, in which Erik discovers that he has unjustly suspected his wife, and she forgives him for having so done. With this scene the dramatic interest of the story reaches its highest point, of which it falls far short in the act which follows. But the poetic interest is fully sustained by the brilliant account of Constantinople, where among the Væringar who come to offer homage to Erik is one Gisli, who tells how he had pledged brotherhood with Grimur "in the North, and in the best old way"; the two friends having gone out at midnight to the cliffs, and there let the blood of their gashed arms mingle beneath a loosened piece of turf. Then, hearing of Grimur's death, he vows vengeance on his murderer. This vow is in the fifth act fulfilled, Gisli slaying Erik in Cyprus, just as the King is allowing himself to believe that the time is close at hand when he will be able, free from sorrow and remorse, to return home, and once more steer through gathering storm Denmark's endangered bark. The royal corpse is conveyed on board ship, and the widowed Queen gives orders to weigh anchor at break of day:—

For lo! the King and I are fain to come
As swiftly as we may to Palestine,
Where shortly ye shall leave us, for I know
That after all the sorrow of our lives
We shall not toil nor wander any more,
But seek the sacred river and find rest.

By way of a specimen of the lyrics scattered through the play we may take the following, sung by a boy who says of it, "A Roman wrote it, though the words be Greek"; thereby apparently referring to a poem in the Greek Anthology by Rufinus, a Byzantine writer of Latin lineage:—

I bring a garland for your head,
Of blossoms fresh and fair;
My own hands wound their white and red
To ring about your hair.
Here is a lily, here a rose,
A warm narcissus that scarce blows,
And fairer blossoms no man knows.
So crowned and chapleted with flowers,
I pray you be not proud;
For after brief and summer hours
Comes autumn with a shroud,
Though fragrant as a flower you lie,
You and your garland, by and by,
Will fade and wither up and die!

ROGERS'S WASPS OF ARISTOPHANES.*

ALL students of Aristophanes will feel grateful to Mr. Rogers, already the translator of the *Clouds* and of the *Peace*, for the help he has now afforded them towards a just appreciation of the *Wasps*. Whilst a certain incoherence of parts forbade acquiescence in the over-laudatory verdicts of Mitchell and K. O. Muller, it must have occurred to most readers who had a competent knowledge of Aristophanic comedy that the *Wasps* did not deserve the sweeping accusation of feebleness brought against it by Schlegel. Extreme opinions are apt to be unjust, and in few cases could this be shown more clearly than in reading and weighing the merits of the *Wasps* under the guidance of Mr. Rogers's translation and notes. If the charge of "spun-out action" is not here answered, at all events such light is thrown on the scope and circumstances of the piece that the prolongation of it does not seem impertinent or superfluous;

* *The Wasps of Aristophanes*. The Greek Text revised, with a Translation into corresponding Metres, and original Notes. By Benjamin Bickley Rogers, M.A., sometime Fellow of Wadham Coll., Oxford. London: George Bell & Sons. 1876.

and certainly a play cannot justly be called dull or tedious which teems with amusing situations, is rich in Aristophanic jokes, and illustrates a phase of Athenian social life distinct from, although, as the translator shows, not without its bearing upon, the earlier subjects of the poet's ridicule and sarcasm. This play, as we are reminded in a lucid and learned preface, was a third labour of the Hercules of Attic comedy after smiting the monster demagogue in the *Knights*, and assailing, although ineffectually, the Sophistical school in the *Clouds*. In it Mr. Rogers sees the effects of the failure of the last-mentioned play ten months earlier, and he finds his clue to the whole structure and plot of the piece, as well as to its unevenness and inconsistencies, in the circumstance of its probable composition during the months immediately before and after that failure. "The grand earlier scenes following the entrance of the Chorus, the noble poetry of the Strophe and Antistrophe, Epirrhema and Antepirrhema, and the orchestral contest with which the play concludes," he takes to have been written before Aristophanes had experienced a check to his unbroken success; while the servile jokes, the sneers at the audience, and the tipsy pugnacity of Philocleon were introduced after he had been bitterly taught that he could not hold his own without retaining "the broad farce, the laughable personalities, and vulgar scurrility" of Cratinus and the older comic drama. These scenes and features, appealing to the lower instincts of the audience, are intelligible if regarded as afterthoughts distinct from the original scheme of the play; the drift of which is, according to Mr. Rogers, not simply, as Grote and others have regarded it, to ridicule the dicasts as monsters of caprice and injustice, but to hit another blow at the second of Aristophanes's two antipathies, the Sophistical school and the demagogues, by displaying the dicasts (Heliasts, or justices and jury in one, who numbered no less than five thousand in Athens), as not really the lords of all, as the demagogues would tell them, but rather the defrauded slaves and cat's-paws of the latter. This is very amply set forth in the preface, which throws considerable light on the Helicea, and the elections, sections, and characteristics of the Athenian dicasts, and at the same time distinguishes, independently of other authorities, the English jury system from the Athenian dicastic system. But a single note of Mr. Rogers on v. 650, where Bdelycleon, the representative of the anti-dicastic views as opposed to the old dicast Philocleon, his father, begins his speech before the arbitrators, sums up in brief the dramatist's main object. "His argument consists," runs the note, "not of any criticism upon the laws or on the practice of the Athenian dicasteries, but of proof that the power obtained by the alliance of the demagogues and dicasts is wielded exclusively for the benefit of the demagogues, and not in any way for the benefit of the dicasts." The two speeches may, in fact, be summed up in a very few words. "Ours is a *μεγάλη ἀρχή*," says Philocleon, "for all men, even the great demagogues themselves, are ready to court and flatter us." "Yours is a *μεγάλη δουλεία*," retorts Bdelycleon, "for the demagogues retain to themselves every substantial advantage, and leave you to penury and starvation." Reading the *Wasps* with this key, we shall see many reasons for believing that the poet's aim was to detach the dicasts from the demagogic alliance and allegiance, and so to contribute towards scotching one of the twin snakes he had vowed to exterminate. Even Philocleon, the blind advocate of that alliance, wedded as he is to the dicastic system, with its miserable stipend of three oboli and little or no liberty of judgment or conscience, owns now and then to misgivings in the course of the play, and in its latest scenes comes out as a thorough convert, though his conversion does but illustrate the evils of all extremes in the tipsy frolics to which the ex-juryman resorts when finally weaned from the absurd routine of a life given up to the law courts. It was probably for the sake of this lesson that the play was lengthened; but it is really in its first twelve hundred lines or so that its chief merit consists, as in the early appearances of Philocleon, and the little traits of his daily life, sketched by the slave Xanthias, and filled in with touches of his own drawing. The following lines from a speech of the slave will exhibit Mr. Rogers's union of exact translation with the life and spirit without which translation is dry bones and empty husks (89-110):—

He is a law-court lover, no man like him.
Judging is what he dotes on, and he weeps
Unless he sits on the front bench of all.
At night he gets no sleep, no not one grain,
Or if he doze the tiniest speck, his soul
Flutters in dreams around the water-clock.
So used he is to holding votes, he wakes
With thumb and first two fingers closed, as one
That offers incense on a new moon's day.
If on a gate is written *Lovely Demus*,
Meaning the son of Pyrilamp, he goes
And writes beside it *Lovely Verdict-box*.
The cock which crew from eventide, he said,
Was tampered with, he knew, to call him late,
Bribed by officials whose accounts were due.
Supper scarce done, he clamours for his shoes,
Hurries ere daybreak to the court, and sleeps
Stuck like a limpet to the door-post there.
So sour is he, the long-condemning line
He marks for all, then homeward, like a bee
Laden with wax beneath his finger-nails.
Lest he lack votes, he keeps, to judge withal
A private pebble-beach secure within.

If it were only as an illustration of the features of the Athenian law court, the way in which it was summoned, its way of voting, its measurement of time, its modes of business, there is value in

such an intelligibly annotated translation as this. Not to go into all the details, we may note that the joke upon the time-honoured lovers' custom of "carving amorous vows on the rhind" or "wood," in v. 98, turns on the similarity in sound of *κρηός*, the funnel of the verdict-box, to "Demus," the "toast of all the town" in his day. "The long-condemning line" refers to the custom of the judges declaring their opinions on a wax-faced tablet; if for the severer penalty, with a long stroke, and if for a lighter, with a short one. The humorous touch of the old dicast's being represented keeping "a private pebble-beach," lest his means of voting should fail, is repeated in another form at v. 696, where, when Philocleon is being wrought upon by his son's arguments, he cries:—

οἶμοι, τί λέγεις; ὥς μου τὸν βίνα ταράσσεις.

Ah me! the depths of my being are stirred;

or, literally, "how you disturb my seashore," "my beach." There is infinite fun, when this old gentleman means mischief, to find him, at 166, crying out for a sword, or failing that, for a "damaging tablet" (*πινάκιον τιμητικόν*), that waxen instrument on which the "long-condemning line" referred to above could do as much execution; or when, as in 386, he takes a desponding view of things, bidding his fellow-dicasts, if ill befall him, *κατακλυσσάντες θείναι μ' ὑπὸ τοῖσι δρυφάκτοις* ("Bewail my fate, and bury me under the court-house floor"); the reference being to the bar or rail which divided the dicasts from the rest of the court, and the sentiment akin to that of a bombastic senator in our own day who threatens to "die upon the floor of the House."

It must not be forgotten that a great deal of the fun of the early part of the play consists in the wily dicast's efforts to outwit his son and his son's slaves, bent on debarring him by close confinement from the exercise of his functions. One of the old man's tricks is to borrow Odysseus's device to escape the Cyclops, and to get out of his prison strapped beneath an ass's belly. He is, however, detected, and it leads to an observation on his son's part, which Mr. Rogers makes more intelligible by his note thereon. Bdelycleon remarks:—

ὦ μιαιώτατος,
ὃν ὑποδεδυκεν, ὥστ' ἐμοῦ ἰνδάλλεται
ὁμοιώτατος κλητήρος εἶναι πολὺ.

O the villain,

The place he had crept to! Now he seems to me
The very image of a sponnour's foal.—139.

The word *κλητήρος* is referred by the scholiast to the summoner of dicasts, and there is more to be seen about this functionary's duties at v. 1408, and in the instructive note thereupon. Here, however, Mr. Rogers surmises that the poet commits a pun, and that "in the Athenian slang of the period a donkey must have been sometimes styled a *κλητήρ*, a *caller*, perhaps from its discordant bray." If this be so, what follows is all the more in due sequence, for the next two lines run in translation:—

PHIL. Come now, hands off! or you and I shall fight.
BDEL. Fight! what about? PHIL. About a donkey's shadow.

There is a further justification, if we admit Mr. Rogers's conjecture, for this bringing-in the proverb *περὶ ὄνου σκιάς*, which occurs, among other places, in a fable of Babrius. And by the way, we may note that the *Wasps* is full of proverbs. In v. 480, when Bdelycleon deprecates contests with and about his law-court-loving father, the Chorus tells him *οὐδ' ἐν σελίνῳ σοῦστιν οὐδ' ἐν πηγάνῳ* ("as yet you've hardly entered on the parsley and the rue"), i.e., "you've hardly reached the fringe or border of your troubles," parsley and rue being the bordering of Hellenic gardens. In v. 491 *τοῦ παρίχους ἀξιώτερά* is as near as possible Greek for Shakespeare's "As cheap as stinking mackerel" (1 *Henry IV.*, ii. 4). There is also the phrase, *σκητὴ βλέπειν*, "to look like one who expects the whip." Again, in 928 Aristophanes has a parody of a familiar ornithological proverb, *ἐρυθάκους δὲ οὐ τρέφει λόχη μία*, "One bush doesn't keep two red-breasts," an allusion to the solitary and pugnacious habits of the redbreast. In the *Wasps* the poet for his own purposes makes Xanthias use it as an argument for the condemnation of the dog Labes (i.e. Laches) that

οὐ γὰρ ἂν ποτε
τρέφειν δύναται ἂν μὴ λόχη κλέπτα δύο.
One bush, they say, can never keep two thieves.

Not much further on in the same very amusing mock trial Bdelycleon apologizes for his speech failing him in the arduous defence of Labes by an appeal to proverb-lore which English ears can understand:—

O sirs, 'tis hard to argue for a dog
Assail'd by slander.

The appeal is clearly to the venerable saw, "Give a dog a bad name and hang him." Among the test-passages by which Mr. Rogers's translation might be tried, we should place one which is a "locus classicus de piscibus," vv. 491-510, and as to which it may suffice to say that the notes to this translation furnish matter for a new chapter on Fish-tattle. But in truth the charm of Mr. Rogers's annotation is the opportuneness with which he blends things old and new—now illustrating an expression by a phrase of Shakespeare, confirming Aristophanes's natural history by Buffon, Cuvier, or Bechstein, and in one place paralleling Philocleon's shame at his own weakness and leniency as a dicast by citation of Lucas Beaumanoir's "crossing himself twice" in doubt whence arose his unwonted softening of heart at the trial of Rebecca, in *Ivanhoe*. The arbitration case, the mock trial of the dogs who

represent the Athenian general Laches and the demagogue Cleon, and the famous parabasis of the wasps, are pretty well known to all who have any acquaintance with Aristophanes. From Bdelycleon's pleadings in the first of these we take a few lines of translation from Mr. Rogers, by way of sample. They represent the speaker's proposal for a better way of feeding the people, and securing the voting power in the assembly, than the dicastic three obols. The orator says:—

Since if they wished to maintain you well, the way to do it were plain enough;
A thousand cities our rule obey, a thousand cities their tribute pay,
Allot then twenty Athenians each, to feed and nourish from day to day,
And twice two thousand citizens there are living immersed in dishes of hare,
With creams, and beeings, and sumptuous fare, and garlands and coronets everywhere,
Enjoying a fate that is worthy the state and worthy the trophy on Marathon plain,
While now like gleaners ye all are fain to follow along in the paymaster's train.—706-12.

The transcript of the original is sufficiently faithful, and the chief point here is Mr. Rogers's boldness in justifying *ἔζων ἐν πᾶσι λαγφίσι* (v. 709), for which so great a critic as Dawes had bidden us read *ἔζων ἂν πᾶσι λαγφίσι*. "The *ἂν*," says our translator shrewdly, "is purposely omitted in order to present a more vivid picture, as of an actual reality and not a mere possible contingency." About seventy lines later in the play Mr. Rogers proves equal to the occasion in translating a few lines placed in the mouth of Bdelycleon, which are memorable for a double pun, which he succeeds in preserving. The original runs:—

καὶ ταῦτα μὲν νυν εὐλόγως ἢν ἐξέχῃ
ἐλθὼν κατ' ὄρθρον, ἡλιάσει πρὸς ἡλιον.
ἐὰν δὲ νύφῃ, πρὸς τὸ πῦρ καθήμενος
ἄνθρωπος εἴσεται κ.τ.λ.

The son is trying to prove to his father the superior advantages of his proposed domestic law-court. He can try his own servants for their peccadillos:—

And very aptly, if the morning's fine,
You'll find your culprits, sitting in the sun.
In snow, enter your judgments by the fire,
While it rains on: and, though you sleep till mid-day
No archer here will close the door against you.

The equivocal here consists in the derivation of *ἡλιάσει* and *ἡλία* from *ἀλίσσθαι*, though it might seem from *ἥλιος*, and *εἴσεται* from *εἰσμαι*, though it might seem connected with *εἰσεμι* "to go within doors."

Some points deserve notice as showing Mr. Rogers's editorial acumen. In vv. 39-42, where the two slaves are dream-telling, Sosias, in allusion to Cleon's unsavoury trade, plays on the words *βόσκον ὁμόν*.

Then the vile grampus, scales in hand, weighed out
Bits of fat beef, cut up.

And Xanthias rejoins:—

Woe worth the day!
He means to cut our city up to bits.

Here Mr. Rogers surmises a scheme of Cleon to be alluded to, having for its object to split up the city into distinct wards for separate circumvallation and for a system of interior fortification, opposite to the famous plan of Themistocles. Further on considerably, at v. 897, he seems to us to have elucidated thoroughly a line of Bdelycleon's to the god, Apollo Agyieus, in behalf of his converted sire:—

ἀντὶ σιραίου μέλιτος μικρὸν τῷ θυμῷ παραμίξας,

And into his heart so crusty and tart a trifle of honey for syrup instill.

The clue is a play on *θυμῖον*, the diminutive of *θύμος*, a wild salad herb of the poorer sort at Athens, and *θυμῖδιον*, the diminutive of *θύμος*, the mind. If this salad was flavoured with *σιραῖον*, syrup, the sense would be "Mix honey with his temper as he is wont to mix mulled-wine syrup with his salad." Thus we have *σιραῖον* contrasted with *μέλι*, not as the representative of sourness, but as the recognized sauce for *θυμῖδιον*; and this is only one amongst the many elucidations which the readers of the *Wasps* owe to Mr. Rogers. It is hardly too much to say that he has given a new interest and value to the play.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

FRENCH historians have lately bestowed a good deal of attention upon Mary Queen of Scots, and several works have been written on the other side of the Channel for the purpose of refuting the statements made by Mr. Froude and M. Mignet. We have on former occasions noticed the volumes of MM. Jules Gauthier and Wiesener; we must now mention the one recently published by M. R. Chantelauze. It contains the reprint of a journal or diary purporting to have been kept by Bourgoing, physician to Queen Mary, who watched closely all the details of her trial. Bourgoing's journal is a manuscript which its owner, M. Chantelauze, says that he has submitted to the most competent judges, and he has no doubt that we have in it the narrative which Mary, in a letter addressed to Pope Sixtus V., announced her intention of publishing. If we may assume its genuineness,

* Marie Stuart, son procès et son exécution. Par M. R. Chantelauze. Paris: Plon.

there can be no question as to its value. It must be read in connexion with the correspondence of Amyas Paulet, lately edited by Father Morris.

M. Bougeault's History of Foreign Literature has now reached a second volume*: it is a useful work, written from the point of view adopted by M. Taine's school, and forms an interesting and valuable summary. England, the Netherlands, and the Slavonian races have supplied the materials for the present volume; and we must not expect, therefore, anything beyond a simple sketch. One-half of the Slavonic names to which we are introduced will be new to many readers; and if Lermontoff and Mickiewicz are to a certain degree appreciated throughout Europe, we cannot say that most people's knowledge of Russian intellectual history extends much further. M. Bougeault discusses, as occasion offers, certain points which are still *sub judice*; such as the authenticity of the Ossianic poems, and the oft-mooted question whether genius is not a modified form of madness. This last remark occurs *à propos* of Lermontoff's writings, which our author strongly denounces as unhealthy in tendency and exaggerated in style. In the part on the Netherlands we have an interesting account of Jansenius, Grotius, and the comparative claims of the Jansenist and Arminian schools to a place in the history of modern thought.

Indocti discant, et ament meminisse periti, should be the motto of M. Gustave Merlet's new volume, which is composed with all his usual care and taste.† Selecting a small number of classical authors from the history of the last two centuries, he has been able to go into details, to study thoroughly the personages who have successively sat for their pictures, and to bring to bear upon them information derived from the most various quarters. Each chapter consists of a biographical notice, followed by illustrative criticisms on the writer's leading works. It is certainly difficult to say anything new about such men as Pascal, Voltaire, Bossuet, and Racine; but still it is always pleasant to be reminded of old favourites, and to see one more effort made to proclaim and uphold literary excellence in opposition to the rubbish with which we are deluged every day. In speaking of Pascal's *Pensées*, M. Merlet shows their superiority to Bossuet's apologetical writings, the permanent value which belongs to them, and their special correspondence with the distinctive character of contemporary scepticism. The *Pensées* contain an answer to many of the wants and doubts of the nineteenth century.

M. Charpentier has done much to familiarize us with Paris society as it existed a hundred years ago. The letters of Mlle. Aissé, the memoirs of Mme. d'Épinay, and of the Baroness d'Oberkirch, are invaluable considered from this point of view; and now Mlle. de l'Éspinasse ‡ brings her quota to the evidence which critics have laboriously and zealously collected. When we think of the Paris salons in the days of Marmontel, La Harpe, and D'Alembert, we at once imagine to ourselves something preeminently artificial and stilted, a system of polished deceit and elegant corruption. Mlle. de l'Éspinasse was a striking exception to that phase of life, and her correspondence, now published for the first time, shows from beginning to end as ardent and natural a character as ever lived. It is thus a really curious psychological study, and its chief interest is less in its anecdotal aspect than as a display of passion. Mlle. de l'Éspinasse, as is well known, was first the companion of Mme. du Deffand; but after an intimacy which had lasted ten years, the two ladies quarrelled, and the result was the formation of a *salon* which soon rivalled that of Horace Walpole's friend. No greater contrast can be imagined than that between the tempers and dispositions of the two former associates, and the advantage is decidedly on the side of Mlle. de l'Éspinasse. The letters addressed to Count de Guibert, originally printed in 1809, form of course a chief part of M. Eugène Asse's excellent duodecimo; but they are completed and illustrated by various other documents, and no pains have been spared to bring out in strong relief one of the most attractive characters of the last century.

This is not the first time that M. Moreau de Jonnés § appears before us as an archaeologist and historian; already, in his essay entitled *L'océan des anciens*, he had given proof of ability and acumen. The present work will not detract from his reputation, whatever may be thought of the particular theories which he propounds. A study of comparative mythology has led him to the conclusion that the cosmogonies, theogonies, and mythological fables of the different nations of antiquity are all derived from one primitive idea, developed and modified according to the particular genius of this or that race; and he endeavours to show this by examining in turn the history of the Egyptians, the Phœnicians, the Jews, the Greeks, and the Persians.

We regret to find that M. Vivien de Saint-Martin is obliged to discontinue the publication of his *Année géographique*|| The volume now before us is the last, therefore, of one of the most valuable series of year-books published by Messrs.

* *Histoire des littératures étrangères*. Par Alfred Bougeault. Tome 2. Paris: Plon.

† *Études littéraires sur les chefs-d'œuvre des classiques français*. Par Gustave Merlet. Paris and London: L. Hachette & Co.

‡ *Lettres de Mademoiselle de l'Éspinasse*. Publiées par E. Asse. Paris: Charpentier.

§ *Les temps mythologiques, essai de restitution historique*. Par C. A. Moreau de Jonnés. Paris: Didier.

|| *L'Année géographique*. Par M. Vivien de Saint-Martin. Vol. XIII. Paris and London: L. Hachette & Co.

Hachette and Co. Let us join in the hope expressed by M. de Saint-Martin in his preface that another duly qualified writer may step forward and continue a work which has done so much for the diffusion of geographical studies. In the meanwhile it must not be supposed that M. de Saint-Martin is going to remain idle; and when we know that he is at present busy upon a dictionary of modern geography, a universal atlas, and a dictionary of historical geography, our only wonder is that he could find time for the compilation of the *Année géographique*. This thirteenth volume is done with the same care and exactness as the preceding ones; biographical and ethnological notices, descriptions, translations, bibliographical details—everything is complete. Many readers will turn with special interest to the account of the projected submarine tunnel between France and England, a work which M. de Saint-Martin regards as very problematical on account of the nature of the soil through which the tunnel must run. Until geologists have thoroughly done their work in determining the character of the ground, the success of the undertaking cannot be regarded as more than hypothetically possible.

We take up M. de Fonvielle's interesting monograph* with full assurance that on the subject of balloons and aerial navigation we could not have a better guide. His work is a compendium of the annals of that branch of science to which he devotes all his energies. It begins with Montgolfier, and ends with the catastrophe of the "Univers" a little while ago. The wars of the first French Revolution and the last siege of Paris by the Germans have given a fresh impulse to the construction and use of balloons; nor is it possible to deny that science has made important strides in that particular direction. M. de Fonvielle explains succinctly what has been hitherto accomplished. He points out the obstacles which are still to be overcome, and he is sanguine of ultimate success.

The history of the Roman Catholic Church in Russia is so little known to most readers that Father Lesœur's two substantial volumes will have all the interest of novelty. They describe a state of things with which England has nothing to do, and the interest of which seems confined to the Slavonic race.† But still all students of Church history may wish to know at least the leading events in the relations between the Czars and the Papacy, and secular politics are largely affected by the dealings of the Court of St. Petersburg with its Roman Catholic subjects. In spite of the express declaration of Catharine II., the system of persecution exercised in Russia against the Latin Christians began with the partition of Poland; interrupted for a short time under the reigns of Paul I. and Alexander I., it recommenced more actively than ever when Nicholas ascended the throne, and has not yet lost any of its severity. Father Lesœur's book is nominally only a second edition; but he has so completely recast his original work, and added so many fresh details, that it may be looked upon as really a new production; and the recent episode of the Franco-German war has enabled the learned Oratorian to draw a suggestive parallel between the dismemberment of Poland and that of France. The history is subdivided into four books, as follows:—1. The condition of the Latin Church in Russia from the reign of Catharine II. to the year 1860. 2. Preliminaries and details of the insurrection of 1863; its fatal consequences, ending with the diplomatic rupture between Rome and St. Petersburg in 1866. 3. Narrative of the religious persuasions from the year 1866 to the present time. 4. Considerations on the state and relative importance of the two communities. Father Lesœur is of opinion that the Russian Government will be compelled at no distant period to withdraw the support it now gives to the Greek Church, originally established by Peter the Great, and that such a measure must inevitably end in the ruin of the Photian schism. The second volume ends with a few *pièces justificatives* and a good table of contents.

M. F. Sauvage was not much known beyond the limits of the province of Languedoc, where he represented the University of France as Professor of Latin Literature; he certainly deserved the reputation for which he never was eager ‡, and which has so often been granted to pretentious and vulgar writers. We are told in the preface, signed with the name Roschach, that M. Sauvage was equally distinguished as a teacher and as a brilliant talker; he has left at Toulouse an impression which his friends will not readily forget, and the volume of detached thoughts now published may certainly make us regret that the author did not care more for the judgment of posterity. The great snare of moralists who adopt the style of apophthegms is affectation, and a constant seeking after point; M. Sauvage generally keeps clear of this danger, and his remarks are both ingenious and simple. After some of them we find, by way of commentary, parallel extracts from La Rochefoucauld, Joubert, Chateaubriand, Mme. Swetchine, Alfred de Musset, and other writers, both ancient and modern.

M. Sainte-Beuve's admirers seem bent upon publishing every scrap of paper left by him, good, bad, or indifferent. We cannot help thinking this a mistake, and we doubt whether such indiscriminate editing will add to the reputation of the eminent critic. The *Lettres à la princesse*, notwithstanding a few curious autobiographical details, might have been left in manuscript; and it is not to be expected that the majority of readers will feel much sympathy for a man who was constantly harping upon his physical infirmities, and venting his spite against those who did not share his free-thinking views. The *Premiers lundis* would never have

* *Aventures aériennes*. Par M. de Fonvielle. Paris: Plon.

† *L'Eglise catholique en Pologne sous le gouvernement russe*. Par le P. Lesœur, de l'Oratoire. Paris: Plon.

‡ *Pensées morales et littéraires*. Par M. F. Sauvage. Paris: Plon.

been deemed worth printing had they not been the early productions of one who is justly considered the journalist *par excellence*; and we may say the same of the *Chroniques parisiennes**, recently collected by M. Jules Troubat. It appears that, during the years 1843-5, M. Sainte-Beuve contributed to the *Revue suisse*, published at Lausanne under the editorship of M. Juste Olivier, the articles now reprinted in the volume before us; they are merely a series of sketches written offhand, in which the French literature of the day is criticized with a freedom which would have been impossible if the *feuilletoniste* had not intended them for Swiss readers. The *Cahiers*†, expressly intended by him for publication, and originally intended to appear in 1868 under the name of M. Jules Troubat, is still more objectionable on account of the cynicism of some of the passages, and the spiteful way in which the writer treats men whom he had formerly praised, and of whose friendship he professed to be so proud. A few allusions which we notice here and there will be hardly understood by readers who are not quite *au courant* of Parisian gossip; some others are so trite and so generally known that we wonder they were thought worth preserving—for instance, M. de Talleyrand's witty remark on M. de Sémonville's "three consciences."

The French press still teems with works on Germany, and especially on the political system of Prince Bismarck. When a volume appears with the title chosen by M. Victor de Saint-Genis‡, we know before opening it what we are to expect. Seventy years ago the "hereditary enemy" would have been "Pitt et Cobourg"; now he is Cobourg, or rather Bismarck. Far be it from us to say that M. de Saint-Genis is merely a rabid pamphleteer, and that his scheme for a readjustment of the map of Europe is a utopian idea which cannot be realized. Such productions at any rate show that the wound inflicted upon France six years ago still bleeds, and that the disaster of Sedan will not easily be forgotten.

We have received an interesting volume on the Brain and its Functions, by Dr. Luys.§ After having for a considerable time lectured at one of the chief Paris hospitals, he now introduces the non-scientific public to his researches. Anatomical details naturally come first, and the second part of the work is devoted to physiological particulars. Dr. Luys reasons with the clearness, but also with the exclusiveness, of a physicist. The supreme contempt with which he refers to speculative philosophy is characteristic of a school who take no cognizance of what is beyond the world of sense, and who, notwithstanding their boasted liberalism, are as violently prejudiced as the staunchest champions of the Papacy.

There seems to be dissension in the Positivist camp. M. Auguste Comte's followers are not at unity with themselves, and the worship of humanity, simple as it may appear, is susceptible of being variously interpreted. Such, at least, is the impression we have derived from the perusal of M. André Poëy's book||, one of the most amusing specimens of conceit and scientific bombast we have met with for a long time. M. Poëy assumes that we are anxious to know his qualifications for discoursing about sociology, sociocracy, mesology, and psychophysics. We cannot say that we feel any eagerness on the subject, but his biography is given with such a flourish of trumpets that it is certainly amusing; never was the worship of humanity more thoroughly illustrated. The book treats of Positivism in its general applications to the several branches of human knowledge, and forms the introduction to a series of special treatises announced as being in preparation.

Professor von Hartmann's book ¶ is a curiosity. Attacking with equal energy Catholicism and the different schools of Protestantism, it assumes, on the other hand, in opposition to modern materialists, that religion is necessary, and it proclaims the advent of a system based upon a fusion of Hinduism with the Judæo-Christian element taken in its purity.

The three works we have just mentioned all express certain tendencies of modern science. Must we conclude that empiricism reigns supreme, and that no one protests in favour of the good old doctrines of Descartes, Leibnitz, and Maine de Biran? A reference to M. Charles Secrétan's article in the April number of the *Bibliothèque universelle*** will show that such is not the case; and from the able way in which the preliminary conditions of the inquiry are set down we may hope to see, when the work is finished, a complete refutation of those unpleasant theories which have rendered so famous the names of MM. Auguste Comte and Littré. The same number of the *Bibliothèque* gives us an interesting paper on the points of contact between science and the arts, suggested by the recent lacustrine discoveries in Switzerland. The fourth part of M. de Montalembert's description of Spain may also be quoted as one of the most important articles in this number.

Fiction and poetry are not strikingly represented just now. The four tales published together in M. George Sand's new volume are merely trifles which appeared long ago as the *feuilletons* of a daily paper.†† M. Champfleury's realistic novel is

twenty years old*; and although M. André Thenriet's pretty tale is of more recent date†, it still cannot be said to be *inédit*. M. Emile Zola's satire against the Second Empire comes to an end in the volume entitled *Son Excellence Eugène Rougon*‡. It would be idle to deny the vigour with which some of the scenes are written, and the faithfulness of the descriptions given of French society under the reign of Napoleon III.; but the impression left is a disagreeable one, and, much as the late Emperor deserves to be blamed for the vicious moral tendencies of his system of rule, we should not forget that the state of things portrayed by M. Zola existed long before the *coup d'état*.

Military novels are very fashionable just now. Last month we had to notice two pleasant ones by Mme. de Chandeneux; we would now recommend as entertaining companions, M. Salières's artilleryman §, and M. A. Fiévée's sergeant.|| The scene of the second tale is laid in La Vendée during the Royalist insurrection, and the author has grouped with much vigour and descriptive power a few episodes around the well-known names of La Rochejaquelein and Lescure, Carrier and Westermann.

M. Gustave Nadaud and M. Pierre Dupont have certainly managed to rival Béranger as *chansonniers*, and the former especially is in his peculiar line a model of wit and of originality.¶ We need scarcely say that all the pieces of M. Nadaud's collection are not fit for general reading, but his satires are amongst the best specimens of the true *esprit gaulois*, and in the two volumes before us there are lyrics to suit every taste. It is impossible to imagine that M. Nadaud will ever rise higher than the famous *Pandore*, his masterpiece; but the small poem entitled *Réactionnaire* is a capital instance of political joking, and if any one affirms that the author is the leading song-writer of contemporary France, we shall exclaim, quoting M. Nadaud's own words, "Brigadier, vous avez raison!"

* *Monsieur de Boisdhyer*. Par Champfleury. Paris: Charpentier.

† *La fortune d'Angèle*. Par André Thenriet. Paris: Charpentier.

‡ *Son Excellence Eugène Rougon*. Par Emile Zola. Paris: Charpentier.

§ *Les soirées fantastiques de l'artilleur Baruch*. Par A. Salières. Paris: Plon.

|| *Le sergent d'Armagnac. Le Ressuscité*. Par A. Fiévée. Paris: Plon.

¶ *Chansons nouvelles, chansons inédites*. Par G. Nadaud. Paris: Plon.

NOTICE.

We beg leave to state that we decline to return rejected Communications; and to this rule we can make no exception.

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* *Chroniques parisiennes*. Par C.-A. Sainte-Beuve. Paris: Lévy.

† *Les cahiers de Sainte-Beuve*. Paris: Lemerre.

‡ *L'ennemi héréditaire*. Par Victor de Saint-Genis. Paris: Dentu.

§ *Le cerveau et ses fonctions*. Par T. Luys. Paris: Germer Baillière.

|| *Le Positivisme*. Par André Poëy. Paris: Germer Baillière.

¶ *La religion de l'avenir*. Par Edouard de Hartmann. Paris: Germer Baillière.

** *Bibliothèque universelle et Revue suisse*. Avril 1876. Lausanne: Bridel.

†† *La coupe, etc.* Par George Sand. Paris: Lévy.

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The Saturday Review.

CONTENTS OF No. 1,070, APRIL 29, 1876:

Turkey and Herzegovina.—The Prince of Wales in Spain.—Barbados.—Stagnation of Trade.—Women's Disabilities.—M. Waddington and the Ultramontanes.—The Merchant Shipping Bill.—Machinery of Elections.—The Inflexible.
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LONDON LIBRARY, 12 St. James's Square.—The THIRTY-FIFTH ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING of the Members will be held in the Ground-Floor Room, on Tuesday, May 23, at Four o'clock, P.M.
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JUNIOR ATHENÆUM CLUB.—NOTICE is Hereby Given that the ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING of MEMBERS will be held at the Club House, on Tuesday, the 9th instant, at Four o'clock, P.M.
By Order,
J. LANGTON BUTCHER, Secretary.

WOMEN'S SUFFRAGE.—A PUBLIC MEETING will be held in St. George's Hall, Langham Place, on Saturday, May 13, at Eight o'clock. The Right Hon. RUSSELL GURNEY, M.P., Recorder of London, in the Chair. The following ladies and gentlemen have promised to be present:—Colonel Beresford, M.P., Miss Becker, J. Cowan, M.P., Miss Frances Power Cobbe, J. Cowen, M.P., T. A. Dickson, M.P., Sir George Elliot, Bart., M.P., J. E. Gort, Q.C., M.P., E. T. Gourley, M.P., A. Staveley Hill, Q.C., M.P., C. H. Hopwood, Q.C., M.P., Duncan McLaren, M.P., Captain Nolan, M.P., R. O'Shaughnessy, M.P., P. Pennington, M.P., H. Puleston, M.P., Miss Tuttle (Birmingham), Miss Todd (Belfast), W. Killigrew Watt, M.P., Admission Free. Entrance in Langham Place. Tickets for Reserved Seats, 2s. 6d., to be obtained at the Hall, or at the Society's Office, 64 Berners Street, Oxford Street. Doors open at half-past Seven. No seats reserved after Eight o'clock.

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